FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES

"Happy Harlan"

A Sample of America's No. 1 Economic Problem

MARY MACFARLAND

Two Years of Spain's Struggle

Articles by

JOSEPH NORTH

DAVID McKELVY WHITE

The New Deal and Tomorrow

A. B. MAGIL

Forsythe's Hands Are Strong

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

A Letter to My Readers

UPTON SINCLAIR

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THEODORE DRAPER

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La Pasionaria

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JULY 19, 1938

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Between Ourselves

R. PALME DUTT'S next monthly contribution, written exclusively for NEW MASSES, will deal with changes which have taken place in the status of Ireland during the past several months. It will be longer than his usual articles and so will be a thorough treatment of the subject.

A letter from Martin Kamin, executive secretary of the newly formed American Booksellers Guild, a cultural, non-economic organization, outlines the guild's proposed program. He asks all booksellers, executives, and department heads sympathetic to the aims of the guild to join the organization, which is located at 101 West 58th St., New York City. The guild's program is based on the belief that the contact of booksellers with the reading public places upon them "the obligation to acquaint the people with the work of writers who are dedicating their genius to combat the sinister forces of social medievalism." The American Booksellers Guild, of which Terence Holliday is president and Barnet B. Ruder is treasurer, seeks to provide members with lists of recommended books; to encourage sale of books by liberal and progressive writers; to discourage by all legitimate means the distribution of reactionary, anti-democratic literature; and to acquaint the public with the devices by which fascist literature is imported and distributed in the United States.

In New York, on July 19, at 8 p.m., the second anniversary of the Spanish people's struggle against fascism will be celebrated by a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden. The affair will have, as speakers, Fernando de los Rios, Spanish Ambassador to the United States; Father Michael O'Flanagan, of Ireland; Dr. Ruiz Vilaplana, jurist and author of the recent *Burgos Justice;* Joseph Curran, of the National Maritime Union; and Powers Hapgood, of the United Shoe Workers of America.

What's What

LAST week's mailbag bulged with letters from readers who feel strongly about our new format. Evelyn R. Wolfe, of Chicago, believes that the format is "undignified—leaning a bit to bourgeois sensationalism. The older form of cover had about it a clean sharp dignity." Philip Pollack writes, "As an optometrist, I am in a position to tell you that your choice of typography for title headings is abominable. . . ." On the other hand, comments Philip R. Seidel, of Ghent, N. Y., "we don't give a hang if the magazine comes out with pink embroidery on every page so long as it continues to supply its readers with its characteristically vigorous opinions and honest and telling accounts of world events." H. Glass, of Toronto, finds the cover arrangement smart but objects to the heading arrangements above the feature articles. Clay Serph, of Chicago, thinks that the extended type face is "Okay for *Vogue* but let's keep it virile. Short squibs may be interesting but they cut into the regular stuff too much."

Most readers share the enthusiasm of Dorothy Villmont (Wellesley, Mass.) for Robert Forsythe and for the stories in the literary supplement. A new reader, Robert Cheikes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have read only a few copies of this magazine and I find it the most important publication on the market at present." D. Sigal, of Los Angeles, notifies us with regret that economic conditions do not permit him to renew his subscription. "But at the same time I must tell you that I will not miss reading my NEW MASSES every week—even if I will have to steal it from some one of my comrades. . . ." Jane Howe of Los Angeles is in the same boat, but she has renewed her sub even though "sometimes one has to wait for payday." Gotelind Rademacher of Westboro, Wis., speaks briefly and, we feel, to the point: "I must make the remark that the NEW MASSES is a very inspiring magazine and that I am greatly satisfied with it."

The following letter, from Paris, refers to "The Lie with Circumstance," by Cora MacAlbert, in our issue of June 21:

"Some time since I came from Austria I see your splendid magazine. Imagine my great happiness when in the last one I saw a tale about a Jewish doctor and the shameful indignities he had to endure in order to maintain his position even before the coming of Hitler.

"I am an Austrian Jewish doc. and I know these things. I was so fortunate as to be in Switzerland when the great tragedy came to Vienna. So now I am in Paris, where I will try to make my life. Hard it is for me here as also for my colleagues. In many ways your journal gives us courage.

"I have thought to write to you gentlemen before this time and give to you my thanks and greetings. Now I am doing it because you have written a tale so near to our hearts. Please be so good as to give our greetings to Dr. MacAlbert who has been interested to tell some of our story to the world."

Very respectfully yours, etc.,
Heinz Ludwein.

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

UPTON SINCLAIR'S latest book is *Our Lady,* issued by Rodale Press. . . . Joseph North is *Daily Worker* correspondent in Spain. . . . David McKelvy White is national chairman of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. . . . Donald Ogden Stewart, well known humorist, is president of the League of American Writers. . . . Richard Greenleaf has contributed to NEW MASSES before, and has published reviews in *The New Republic* and other periodicals. He lives in Orlando, Fla., and is a student of Southern affairs.

The lithograph by Edgar Britton on page 16 was exhibited early this year in Chicago with other work by the Chicago Artists Group, of which he is a member.

Flashbacks

PRISON looms large in this week's anniversaries. The Bastille, for instance, was stormed July 14, 1789. . . . Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted July 14, 1921. . . . Clarence Norris, one of the Scottsboro defendants, leaned forward in the courtroom at Decatur, July 15, 1937 to hear for the third time the words, "We find the defendant guilty and fix his punishment at death." . . . Disclosing another death sentence on a Negro, Black Legionnaire Dayton Dean confessed, July 21, 1936, to shooting a war veteran just for the thrill. "It didn't matter who the Negro was," Dean said, "just so long as he was colored." . . . Capt. Robert Dollar, speaking to a mass meeting of Seattle businessmen, advised employers to use armed thugs and open a reign of violence against strikers. Two hundred thousand dollars was raised at the meeting for an open-shop war chest, and the speaker, though inciting to violence, did not go to jail. . . . Within a week a bomb was thrown in a Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco, killing six people. Tom Mooney, the city's leading trade-unionist, was watching the parade some distance away. He has been in jail ever since. . . . Fifty-five thousand former lawbreakers who helped build the Moscow-Volga canal were granted their freedom by the Soviet government. The Central Council of the Soviet Trade Unions was instructed to take steps to provide them with employment as soon as possible.

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"HAPPY HARLAN"

A Sample of America's Number One Economic Problem

MARY MACFARLAND

I HEARD there was a woman in Harlan, Ky., who made out very well just writing articles titled "Sweetness and Light in Harlan." It sounded like a swell racket, and I looked her up with the idea of muscling in on it.

Sure enough, she looked the part, and she claimed business was good. She had no objection to a temporary sharing of her beat. The more the merrier for the coal operators was her idea.

"I can take you to see the miner who saved up money for his old age," she said. "He's grand. I've written him up a number of times. You will see how nice coal operators can be. They are just as nice and as cultured as the people one knows in other parts of the country. They play golf and go on fishing and hunting trips. They send their children away to military school and college. Also you can say they send them to school right here in Harlan by the side of the miners' children. The operators spend much of their time in Miami but they have fishing lodges and estates around here. Estates — I love estates. . . ."

The Lewallen Hotel, itself owned by a mine owner, has a bronze plaque on its front stating "Welcome, Coal Operators." The porch usually has one or two on exhibition. They are big, husky-looking men dressed in the company's on-duty uniform of clean, snugly filled khaki shirt and pants, leather belt and pith helmet. They have a vaguely "white man's burden" sort of look, which, under examination, turns out to be due not only to the pith helmet but below its shadow to a pair of the most gimletty eyes that ever stared implacably from a tanned, well-fed face.

But for my slogan of "Kindness to Coal Operators" I might have pondered the significance of that similarity. Maybe the white man's burdensome job gives him the same look the world over, no matter where he does his oppressing, whether his natives are natural blacks or the coal-blackened Nordics of the Kentucky mountains.

I made a bee line for the office of the Harlan *Daily Enterprise,* the town's one paper, which belongs to another mine owner. The editor, a pale, polite young man, tended to retire into his rather concave shell, from which he gently maintained the attitude that he was a stranger in Harlan himself.

But from upstairs, in the offices of the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association, came a man who was no stranger to Harlan or to mines—Jim Bryson, director of that safety department which with the matter of freight rates is currently sworn to be the sole *raison d'être* of the association. If pressed, as I later heard them pressed right forcibly by the prosecution in London, the operators add a string of other worthy purposes like contributing to the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the state fair booth, and the annual Christmas tree.

To Bryson, with his honest-sounding Scottish burr, falls the job nowadays of showing off the sunny side of Harlan. Meeting the threat of the dread "black damp"; blocking off disastrous mine fires and—maybe—smothering them before he perilously opens them again; defeating the "bumps" in a mine given to sudden eruptions of the mountainside; ceaselessly, profanely training an emergency safety squad in each mine; and ever and always keeping a jump ahead of the Big Hammer that is waiting up above to pound out the lives of mining men—these are the jobs Jim Bryson was hired to do, the jobs he has tried vainly for years to be allowed to do perfectly. They are the jobs he likes to do, the jobs he finds infinitely less arduous than showing visitors the sunny side of Harlan.

Tromka

Bryson did not tell me that. But I looked at his face when he was saying, as we drove along, "These miners are happy men. They like things the way they were. They don't want unions. It's not that the companies prevent them from joining unions. It's just that the men don't care for it."

I asked him why.

"Because all these

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niners are solid, contented folk. They come from sturdy old Anglo-Saxon stock."

"Why should being Anglo-Saxon make them anti-union?" I asked, thinking of the solid unionization of England's own coal mines.

The sweat was standing out on Jim Bryson's forehead. There were tense muscles at the corner of his mouth. "It's the *plantation* tradition," he insisted doggedly. "They like to look on the mine owner as a friend that they can call by his first name, or his initials. They think of him as a father."

Jim Bryson stared at the road ahead of him, with never a side glance at the rows of miserable shacks and privies that lined the road. He drove fast but not fast enough to dim their desolation. No one could have driven fast enough to make those houses fit into the picture of a loving father-and-son relationship between the man who provided them and the men who lived in them.

The commissary at the Mary Helen mine was big and neat. "Look around," the manager said. "Look at the standard brands we carry."

Yes, there was the plain cod-liver oil of which I had bought sixteen ounces in New York for sixty-nine cents. Here four ounces cost a miner's family fifty cents.

"Do you sell much cod-liver oil?" I asked.

"In the winter," he said, "if the mine's running." He went on, "We'll sell a lot of patent medicine, too, when the mine's running." He laughed. "When they're working they can afford to be sick."

I was to meet among the mine officials a good deal of this genial joking about aspects of miners' lives which anywhere else would have seemed far from funny.

"Have a Coca-Cola," the manager said. "Watch how the poor Harlan folks have to do without things."

Certainly it looked as if the silver-lining searcher had come to the right place. People were buying, sure enough. Little blond, thin-legged children stood on tiptoe to draw scrip, bought salt pork, hung around enjoying the bustle.

The butcher proudly priced steak for me. It was about the price New Yorkers paid for steak, only they bought porterhouse or sirloin for their money while here the only steak was round. "What kind of meat do you sell most of?" I asked.

He pointed to the huge supply of salt pork. "White meat. We sell about five hundred pounds of white meat a week," he said, "when the mine's running."

"It's running today, then?"

"Oh, yes. You can tell that by looking at them. When the mine's running, they eat." He laughed.

Salt pork when they're working, and what when they weren't? The answer to that question would explain the thin legs, the pallid skin, of these tow-headed children with their appealing, big blue eyes.

"How long has the mine been running?" I asked.

"A couple of days," he said. "They're getting out a special order. Up to now, for quite a while it hasn't averaged more than a day a week."

"How much milk do you sell?" I asked. "Does that vary too?"

"Oh, no," he answered, misunderstanding. "We have a stationary price on milk here the year around—fifteen cents a quart."

It looked as though the Harlan company store could teach the Eastern milk trust a thing or two. Even under the notorious monopoly control in Washington, D. C., the last price I had paid for grade A pasteurized milk was thirteen cents a quart, delivered. Here, with lush green mountainsides for grazing on every side, with no city rents to pay on pasteurizing plants, no union wages to pay for labor, no deliveries to make, a Harlan company store could hold the price at fifteen cents a quart the year around.

"How much milk do you sell?" I asked.

"That depends," he said. "But I guess we run up to as much as 150 quarts a day."

"How many families live in the camp?"

"Around three or four hundred."

All right. Suppose there were 350 families, each with three children in the house— and what a small family that would be in Harlan! Suppose the storekeeper hadn't jimmied up the facts, and suppose that grown people, even the ever-pregnant women, used no milk at all in any form. Each child's top quota in that camp would be about one-seventh of the quart a day a child needs.

"The miners' families have the best of everything," I was told upstairs among a hodge podge of cheap furniture and expensive-looking radios. "They all have radios, electric washers, and even dishwashers. And they needn't wait to get what they want until they save up the money to pay for it. They can just draw on their pay whenever they feel like it."

I saw them doing it, downstairs at the scrip window. Little claw-hands reached the card up and a piping voice said, "I want two dollars." The bookkeeper found the duplicate card in the file, slipped both cards into a machine that stamped the date and the amount on both cards, and out the window went the little yellow metal discs which could be spent only in this store.

It looked like magic. Anyone could have anything he wanted just by asking papa company for it. In the great ledgers stood the result in black and red. Of the three or four pages I leafed through, maybe six names out of fifty were in the black. $499 in debt to papa company, $347 in debt, $65, $280, then one who had forty-seven cents coming to him, then more debts ranging from $15 up to $800.

"If a man owes the company, then when payday comes you don't need to pay him any cash?"

"Well, he can ask for a cash advance if he needs it. If there's any reason."

"Any reason?"

"Sure. If a man comes in here and tells me his wife is sick or they've got to make a trip or something, we advance him cash."

Then papa company had better be a kind and loving papa. Any little paternal grudge against son miner and sonny is in a pretty spot.

"Of course we only do this for the men's convenience," I was assured. "We'd quit this company-store business quick if the men'd let us. But they want it so we've got to give it to them."

To what lengths of inconvenience the company goes to satisfy the merest whim of the worker! I thought of the stockholders of certain company stores who testified before the La Follette committee that an initial investment of $1,500 had brought in an annual income of $2,400. The thought somewhat shadowed my admiration for the company's indulgence in letting men get deeply in debt and, once in debt, to be dependent on papa for every breath they drew.

At Crummies Creek the miners were scrambling off the "man trip" of empty coal cars that had carried them out of the mine. They walked with a shuffling, sunken-chested gait, gaunt and black. "They'll look different when they come out of the bathhouse," I was assured. "The company provides showers for them."

I noticed that not many of the men went in.

"Oh, well, you don't know miners. They're happy-go-lucky. They don't care about the niceties of life the way you do."

But when I saw them filing hollow-eyed, less happy-go-lucky than grim, past the pay window, I learned a little more. On the pay statements which they had thirty seconds to examine before signing the payroll was an item labeled "Bath-house." One dollar a month was checked against the pay of miners who used that bath-house. And there were nineteen other items for which they could have a chunk cut out of their pay. Twenty items add up, when work days have been few and far between.

This was Crummies Creek, on parade, with a real payday going on, and the pay statement there had a mere twenty deductible items, fewer than those on the pay statement that slipped into the testimony at the London trial. That one included a charge for maintenance of the lockers at the bath-house where the miner must keep his own private bath towel and soap. Crummies Creek did not—as Harlan-Wallins did—cut $1 off each miner's pay for a chance on a raffle in which was given away each month a "new" car, vintage 1929. Still, the charge of $1 a month—$12 a year—was for nothing more than a dash of water over the body of a man who must otherwise go dirty or carry his bath water two blocks from the pump provided by the company to the home he rented from the company. What would a New York supper club hat-check concessionaire give for the bath-house concession in a Harlan mining camp?

Yes, clouds hovered over my search for sunshine. That electricity charge, for instance, kept bothering me. For four small rooms the

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WHO, ME?

Escott

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rate seemed well above the average electric bill I had seen. Yet the current was supplied by papa company which buys millions of kilowatts to cut the coal and haul it out of the earth to the tipple. Would not a kindly father pass on his wholesale rate, or some of it, to grateful children? No, these rates indicated a handsome profit. And wasn't it a coincidence that the most boasted equipment of the miners' homes were articles which provided the company not only nice initial profit on their purchase but also a steady profit on the current it took to operate them?

Still, I figured, relentless in my search, there's this about it. Keeping house at the radio-electric washer scale had definite advantages. I wanted to see that housekeeping.

Much first-naming went on between the mine official who was my escort and our host, who met us on the steps. A boastful little man dressed in a filthy undershirt and caked grimy pants, the miner pointed with pride to his family assembled at lunch. There were eight children, of whom the oldest was ten and the youngest lacked a few months of being born.

There were not enough chairs to go around, and the children, dressed in scraps of dirty rags, stood around the table dipping their hands into bowls of a watery liquid with grease congealing on the surface and bits of broken crackers floating on it. There was no milk on the table, no vegetables, no fruit, no meat. The diet offered an explanation for the hunched, sagging posture of the mother, typical of all women in Harlan mining camps. Though she offered me beautiful courtesy, I was shocked by the deep, cynical resignation in her look as she silently listened to her husband answer the mine official's questions, boast of the money he made and the company he worked for. She may have been thinking of the big debt the company had against them on its books, for an automobile accident to her husband and the spinal meningitis which had almost killed herself and her oldest son had made them one of Harlan's deepest debtors. With $800 against you on the company's books, it would take a strong man to refuse the right words to a company official.

I asked about the meningitis as we walked back. "Oh, yes, we've had some awful epidemics of it around here," our guide said. "As many as eighty or ninety cases at a time, sometimes."

This was a notable statement, the first suggestion that all Harlan was not always healthy and happy.

But meningitis is different. It was because of a mysterious meningitis epidemic that a famous quarantine was clamped down on public gatherings just two days before the union was due to start holding organizing meetings in the county. Some doctors have sworn that there were almost no cases of meningitis at the time. They point out that the dance halls remained open. The jury in London is now sifting the facts about that quarantine. Meantime, the parade of actual meningitis cases in the mining camps would seem to lead the companies out on another limb. For the medical reference I consulted said that "outbreaks of spinal meningitis are most likely to occur under bad sanitary conditions." Coming or going, the meningitis menace did not throw any rays of sunshine over Harlan.

"Where do the unmarried men live?" I asked. And I was shown. It was a big frame "club house" near the tipple. Salt pork was being washed in the kitchen sink under the only running water in the house. Upstairs, beds, sheetless, covered with dirty blankets, crowded the halls and bedrooms, and open "thundermugs" waited for the landlady to empty them.

"Why, the president of this company comes in here and sits down to this table," the mistress of the house told me. But she did not say he ever went upstairs.

"What do people do here for recreation?" I asked, on the way home.

"Have babies," our guide answered promptly, with a laugh. That seemed to be the favorite joke in Harlan, judging by the number of times I heard it.

Recovering from hilarity and explaining that the women did not seem to care about getting out much, he went on to describe the companies' encouragement of such activities as the Boy Scouts. "We do everything we can to keep the boys out of their environment," he said.

"But of course," he added, "the companies figure that the miner's private life is his own. What he does in his off hours is his own business."

Which did not prepare me for his statement a few minutes later. "We take care of our men. Why, when a peace officer arrests one of them for drunkenness or anything, he just calls up the man's boss and asks him what to do. The boss tells the peace officer how much to fine him. Then instead of the miner having to pay his own fine the company takes it out of his pay."

So that's what you mean in Harlan when you figure a "miner's private life is his own."

★ ★ ★

DO THEY MEAN ME?

When they speak of Freedom
Do they think of me
Or my black body swinging
From a burning tree?

When they speak of Freedom,
Get red in the face—
Do they mean here
Or some other place?

When they speak of Freedom,
Stamp, shout, cheer!
I wonder if they know
I'd like mine here.

D. Hercules Armstrong.

Over coffee that night the safety director reminisced about mine disasters. He told of the explosion in which twenty-three men had been killed when a foreman walked into the wrong place with an open-flame lamp.

Where had I heard that story before? Oh, yes, the lady purveyor of Harlan sunshine. She had written the touching story of the mine owner who testified before the Labor Relations Board that he had not fired a man for union activity but for violating a safety rule. Safety was terribly important to him, he said, and with tears in his eyes had told the story of those twenty-three men who had been killed in his mine—his *friends,* his *brothers.* She had written the story of the tears he had shed.

"Could explosions like that be prevented?" I asked.

"Sure," said the safety director. "Simply spray a small percentage of rock dust in air where there's coal dust and you have a safe mine."

"Did they know that?"

Yes, he'd been pestering them to take that precaution ever since he came to Harlan in 1929.

Was it complicated? No, it was a simple, practical process.

Was it expensive? Well, it cost a little, but . . .

Of course, after the disaster all the mines must have adopted it? Well, no, the fact was that they hadn't.

But the tears had run down the owner's cheeks when he told how his brothers, his friends had been lost in that disaster.

There were delays about getting into the mine we were to visit. The superintendent could not accompany us because his assistant was not there and he could not leave the office. We sat around waiting for the next "trip" of empty coal cars to take us into the mine.

"It's about time some writer gave Harlan a break," the superintendent said. "If you believed all you read about Harlan you'd think nothing happened here but crime and violence. Why, I've lived here all my life and I haven't ever run into more than a shooting or two."

The dynamiting of the home of one of the government witnesses had taken place less than thirty-six hours before.

He apologized again as we climbed into the car. "If my assistant hadn't had to go into town and get his kin out of jail for that shooting last night, I'd go in there with you," he said.

And, curiously enough, it was that same day, after we had come out of the mine, that we walked with this same man through a miner's yard to see a waterfall behind his place.

"The man who lives here was subpoenaed to witness for the government," he said. "Nobody knows why."

"Is he a union man?"

"Yes, he was, but he says he doesn't know anything. He don't know why they want him."

At that moment we met this witness-miner's

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son coming out. He looked about fifteen but he was eighteen.

"Well, Roy, I hear you got shot up last night."

The boy pulled up his overalls and showed us the red-dyed bandage about his leg, the two holes in his overalls where the bullet had gone in and come out.

"Just got in the way of a couple of other guys having an argument, didn't you?" the superintendent laughed.

The boy smiled vaguely.

"Well, you'd better take a baseball mitt with you next time you go where folks are fighting," the superintendent went on jovially. I asked as we went on to the waterfall if this was the same shooting that had called his assistant into town. No, this was another one. Oh, shootings just don't happen in Harlan!

"Miners are the happiest fellows alive," I was told as we squatted by the tram track in the mine, waiting to ride out of the mountain. "You ought to see the fun they have while they're waiting for the man-trip. They have more fun than any bunch of men you ever saw—playing, kidding, tying each other's clothes in knots."

Sitting there in the coal-gleaming darkness, under a roof three feet from the floor, live electric trolley cables at our shoulders, it seemed a strange place for men to caper after digging eight to twelve tons of coal out of the side of the mountain and loading it on cars, all in a kneeling position. I had not seen any men in the mine who looked in the mood to caper. Surely not the man who drove our motor, who was on his fourth shift without sleep.

"That man's going to have about $21 coming to him when he goes out of here," the foreman said. "That looks pretty good to a man when he hasn't been working for a while. I let him keep on working because when a man wants to work I believe in letting him work." He called to the motorman. "We didn't force you to work, did we? You're working voluntarily, aren't you?"

The man chanted back in a heavy, dead voice, "Of—my—own—free—will—"

"Oh, yes," the foreman went on. "The men like it here in the mine so much that their wives have to hoe the garden because the men can't stand the open air." He laughed heartily.

Gardens, though they are there and beautifully tended wherever three square feet of soil can be found together between the houses, were more serviceable as a subject for merry-making over the plight of miners' wives than as a source of food supply in a cramped mining town.

Outside, the squat, cherubic assistant superintendent had returned from getting his prisoner out on bond, eager to add his proof of an innocent, maligned Harlan.

"Did you ever hear the radio preacher that broadcasts from Knoxville?"

I hadn't.

"Well, he found out. He broadcast all about it. He said, 'I went to Harlan scared to put a foot inside the county. And what did I find? A good, God-fearing people. I was never better treated. I came away from Harlan with an automobile. Harlan gave it to me.'"

Mischa Richter

"Go out and announce the wage cut, Smithers. Make them like it."

That was interesting. I wanted to know more about this gift that Harlan had given the visiting broadcasting evangelist. But questions brought a change of subject.

The cashier in the hotel diningroom had her ideas of what was nice in Harlan. "Oh, the operators," she sighed. "If only they weren't all over in London. You'd love them. Take Mr. Ralston, for instance. He is the *most* distinguished-looking man! He has hair white as cotton and he wears it long. He always wears a wing collar. He is—well, he's the picture of a true Southern aristocrat."

Ralston is the owner of the Berger mine. I told our guide that night I wanted to see the Berger camp. He turned on me. "Where'd you hear about the Berger camp?" he asked sharply.

It became apparent within a few minutes that if I went to see the Berger camp I would see it without official guidance.

So it was up the Clover Fork this time we traveled, that troublous right fork of the Cumberland, along the road that runs under rocky overhanging cliffs, ideal for ambushing union organizers who had driven this same way before.

Through Kitts, Wood, Ages, Verda, Draper, into Evarts, always between rows of box-like shacks, some a drabber gray than others, some with fewer feet of space for their determined gardens, always the Negro sections more screenless, paintless, hopeless. And always backed by rising green lush mountains, each with its fourteen-level seams of rich, black Harlan coal.

The Berger camp told the full story of man's sadism to man. Houses that had never seen paint at all, tottering on stilts in swampy ground below the level of the road, sagging cockeyed as if discouragement had driven them to drink and they would surely crumple, as we watched, into the stagnant pools beneath them, where pigs were wandering in and out. We had seen apathetic, listless stares aplenty from Harlan County porches, but none so bleak, so utterly without hope as these eyes of people who looked out of houses provided for them by a "real Southern aristocrat."

It was after the county line was passed that we came to an ordinary little town and thought it charming. We wondered for a while why. It was like a million other nondescript American towns. Then we saw a boy was riding a bicycle. Children were playing here.

We'd seen no boys riding bicycles in Harlan, no kiddie cars, no tricycles, no baby pens, no teddy-bears or dolls or blocks had littered sunny Harlan. No toys of any kind were there, and children had stood around, sat quietly. Boys at ten had been grown men, loafing in doorways with the other men. And except for the miner who had joked in his house with his boss when a writer came to call, there had not been one smiling face in all the Harlan we had seen.

Well, I had had my chance, I had been shown, I had been personally conducted. But I had not found the sunny side of Harlan.

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FIVE LIES ABOUT THE CZECHS

Why Sudetenland Means Bohemia to Hitler

THEODORE DRAPER

There is an impassable racial barrier between the Czechs and the Germans.

PARADOXICALLY, Konrad Henlein, fuhrer of the Sudetendeutsche Partei, Czech outpost of the German Nazi movement, is himself the best living refutation of this favorite Nazi myth.

In Czechoslovakia, I inquired about Henlein's background, and this is what I found. The following facts are taken from Henlein's certificate of matriculation.

Konrad Ernst Henlein was born in Maffersdorf (its Czech name is Vratislavice), a small town near the textile center, Reichenberg (or Liberec) on May 6, 1898.

His father, Konrad Eduard Henlein was born on Dec. 4, 1870 in Reichenau, another Sudeten town, now a Nazi stronghold. Konrad Eduard was the son of Konrad Henlein and Magdalena Bayer. Magdalena, the present Konrad's grandmother, was born in the town of Peslo, *Hungary*.

His mother, Hedwig Dvořaček, born Aug. 23, 1873 in Maffersdorf, was the daughter of Eduard Dvořaček and Auguste Nohnring. Eduard Dvořaček, Henlein's grandfather, was born Aug. 22, 1850 in the town of Horicka, in what is now Czechoslovakia.

Thus, on his mother's side, Henlein is definitely Czech. He probably has Magyar or Hungarian branches in his father's family tree. He does not differ in this respect from the vast majority of Germans in the Sudetenland. As a matter of fact, at least one-third of the candidates of the SDP in the recent municipal elections bore unmistakable Czech names, testimony of the close relationship between the two nationalities over centuries of living together.

For good reason, Nazi emphasis on race is entirely mystical. In its propaganda-literature, there is no intelligible exposition of the meaning of the term, or why the German "race" is superior to all others. It is enough for the masters of Berlin and Vienna to enforce these claims with the Gestapo and the concentration camp. Scientifically, of course, the very concept "race" is open to question unless it is used within severely circumscribed limits. As for a "pure" race, Boas and others have demonstrated that there is no such thing.

2

The Sudetenland is one of Germany's "bleeding frontiers."

NAZI propaganda indiscriminately identifies the German-speaking zones in Czechoslovakia with the Saar and the Polish Corridor as though all formerly belonged to Germany. This is sheer falsification, a whole policy based upon a lie.

There is still some historical dispute about the origins of the first Germans in Bohemia (the basic historical unit of what is now Czechoslovakia). One school of historians maintains that the Czechs conquered Germanic tribes when they settled east of the Sudeten mountains in the sixth century. Nobody has ever settled this question because the earliest tribes left few historical traces.

In any event, there were only small colonies of Germans in the Bohemian towns until the twelfth century. The Czech ruler of that period encouraged the Germans to come in, gave them free land and liberal political privileges on the theory that they would raise the native standard of living. The present German zones in Czechoslovakia were roughly determined in the next two hundred years. The immigrants settled down and gained important positions in Bohemia, especially in the church and municipalities. The Czechs tended to resent this German infiltration and succeeded in reversing the trend during the fifteenth century's religious and national conflict inspired by the Czech reformer, John Huss. The Lutheran Reformation, in the next century, brought a new wave of German immigration into Bohemia, throughout these ten centuries an independent kingdom under Czech rule.

Hussite and Lutheran, in effect Czech and German, lived amicably together until the so-called Counter-reformation and the victory by the Hapsburg monarchy over the kingdom of Bohemia at the Battle of the White Mountain in 1620. The Czechs were a beaten people for the next two centuries; only in 1848, did their national revival begin, but from then until 1918, it was one of the main reasons for the internal crumbling of the Austria-Hungary empire.

There is nothing in the entire development of Czechoslovakia which justifies the "bleeding frontier" propaganda. The present Czechoslovak state has its historical roots in the old kingdom of Bohemia. As a truly national unit, it antedates Germany by many centuries. Its

The black areas in the above map denote the sectors where the German nationality constitutes more than 50 percent of the population. Zones I and II form Sudetenland proper. The original source of this map is Joseph Chmelar's authoritative study *Le Problème Allemand en Tchécoslovaquie*, Orbis, Prague, 1936.

Ad Reinhardt

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national self-consciousness is proved by its astonishing revival after two hundred years of decline and degradation.

The Germans in Czechoslovakia came in as colonists, not as conquerors. For hundreds of years, the two nationalities had to live together; this is the historical explanation for Henlein's Czech mother and German father. As for Prussia, the Germans of Czechoslovakia are quite alien to that culture and history. Their ties are with the Austrians through the old empire. The German and Czech regions always constituted a single political unity. Under the empire the Sudetenland was always an integral part of Bohemia, and this at a time when the Germans, not the Czechs, were the dominating nationality.

Czechoslovakia is not one of Germany's "bleeding frontiers" because it never was part of Germany. It is exactly as though Hitler should demand *Anschluss* with the state of Wisconsin because the United States permitted so many German immigrants to settle there in the eighties and nineties of the last century.

3

"Autonomy" for the German-speaking regions is a political possibility.

THE last census, 1930, revealed that there were 3,231,688 Germans in Czechoslovakia. That constitutes 22.5 percent of the total population, except for the Ukrainians in Poland, the largest national minority in Europe.

Assuming its desirability, it would nevertheless be a political impossibility to place the entire German minority into any workable political unit. They never constituted such a unit from the twelfth century to the present for a very simple reason.

In the last seven hundred years, sometimes the Czechs were dominant and pushed the Germans back to the mountains and sometimes the Germans were dominant and spread out toward the interior. This push and pull of both peoples, not necessarily conscious or antagonistic, took place with unequal force at different periods and places. As a result, the German minority is not concentrated in any one place today. *Indeed, it forms eight different areas, each separated from the next by Czech areas.*

Some of the German zones are highly homogeneous; others are mixed with Czechs in varying percentages; no less than 736,025 Germans live in districts with a Czech majority. The largest German area (Area I on the accompanying map) has 841,000 Germans; there is a German island in Subcarpathian Russia with only 13,249 persons (not indicated because of its unimportance). As indicated on the map, each one of these German zones is separated from the next by a Czech zone. In addition, within the German zones themselves, there is a considerable Czech minority. In German Bohemia there are 396,000 Czechs; in German Moravia-Silesia, 116,000 Czechs.

It is not only impossible to unite the German regions in any compact unit, but any conceivable solution would only create the same problem for the Czech minority. Unquestionably, the Czechs would have more to complain about.

4

"Autonomy" for the German zones is economically desirable.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, despite its many problems, has prospered because of its peculiar economic balance. The Western half is mainly industrial, the Eastern half, agricultural. Czechoslovakia, as is well known, inherited about 75 percent of the industrial capacity of the old Austria-Hungary empire and is one of the most highly developed industrial regions in all Europe. The names of Skoda, for munitions and Bata, for shoes, are known everywhere.

The natural economic market for Czechoslovakia's manufactures is not Germany, which is itself glutted with man-made goods and is desperately trying to find new markets. The Germans need raw materials and markets and that happens to be the need of the Sudetenland also. The agricultural regions of Czechoslovakia are almost entirely Slovak and Czech in nationality.

If the Sudeten regions were united with the Hitler Reich, they would suffer immediate economic decline. They would be cut off from their raw materials and markets, that is, the rest of Czechoslovakia. They would have to compete with German manufactures in the same markets under unequal conditions. A healthy economic unit would be destroyed and another sick colony of the German manufacturing machine created.

5

"Autonomy" for the Sudetenland would contribute to European appeasement.

FROM the foregoing, there emerge but two alternatives for the Sudetenland. Either it remains, as at present, part of Bohemia and part of Czechoslovakia, or it is annexed by Germany, *still part of Bohemia.* In any case, Bohemia must remain a single political and economic unit; anything else is myth or lie.

Fortunately, the most responsible leaders of Czechoslovakia understand this fully. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Kamil Krofta, in an address at Karlsbad in December 1936, said: "After what I have just said, it is perhaps superfluous expressly to point out that there is one solution that can *a priori* be declared as absolutely impossible. . . . This is the separation of that portion of the territory of Czechoslovakia in which the German population is in excess of the Czech population from the state and its incorporation in one or the other of the two German neighbor states, neither of whom has put forward any demand for such enlargement of its territory." This came before *Anschluss,* but I have reason to believe that this belief is still shared by President Benes and his principal collaborators.

Moreover, the rulers of Germany understand the indivisibility of Bohemia quite as fully. They have no intention of annexing the German-speaking regions alone. The principal Nazi grievance is not the status of the German nationality but the existence of Czechoslovakia as the last barrier to the conversion of Central and Southeastern Europe into a German colony. The removal of that barrier brings the Hitler Reich to the Dardanelles.

Mother Europe never eats up her own children without suffering with them. The Czech nation, which endured the despotism of the Austria-Hungary empire for three hundred years and still outlived the despots, will fight any effort to turn the clock back and will continue that fight no matter what the outcome. For a hundred years, Austria-Hungary condemned Europe to convulsion after convulsion because its subject peoples would not forget their culture, their soil, their past, and their language. A Czechoslovak nation which could outlive Austria-Hungary will outlive Hitlerism, but the cost would be frightful.

Nor does Czechoslovakia have the only "Sudeten" problem in Europe. Let Hitler settle accounts with the Czechs, and he will remember, as he has vowed to remember, the "Sudetenland" of France — Alsace-Lorraine. He will remember the Sudetenland of Poland —the Corridor. And of Denmark—North Schleswig. Lithuania—Memel. Italy—Tyrol. Some come early and some come late in the Nazi scheme of world domination but each prepares the way to the next. And the Czechs come first.

This is no appeasement. This is more blackmail, terror, and eventual war. Czechoslovakia, in its way, is as much an outpost of European peace and democracy as Spain.

★

HISTORY REPEATS

JUST how an undemocratic legislative proposal can boomerang against its sponsor should have been seen by State Senator Joseph D. Nunan, a delegate to the New York State Constitutional Convention. Nunan, who was twice defeated on his student loyalty-oath bill, proposed a measure to bar from public office and from voting any person who believes in or advocates the overthrow of the government by force.

Immediately another delegate, Mason F. Sexton, introduced the same measure, except that his proposal included anyone "who has pledged allegiance, either directly or indirectly, to a foreign power or government, or is a member of an association, organization, or group opposed to our form of government." Had Nunan's proposal, with Sexton's amendment, gone through, it could, technically, have been used against Nunan, who is a Catholic.

Had either Nunan or Sexton, in preparation for the Constitutional Convention, read the proceedings of a similar meeting, the Provincial Convention held in 1777, which

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drafted the first constitution of New York State, they would have known of a closely analogous controversy that took place at that time.

On page 844 of the *Journal of the Provincial Convention,* is the account of the solemn proceedings of the afternoon of March 20, 1777. The proposed thirty-second paragraph was being read, which declared that the free toleration of religious profession and worship shall forever hereafter be allowed to all mankind. But at that point, Mr. John Jay, an eminent public figure, member of the Episcopal Church, and delegate from New York County, arose. He did not disapprove of the sentiment. Indeed, he himself was a descendant of the persecuted Hugenots. Yet he proposed, in language as noble as that of Senator Nunan's measure, the following proviso:

> Provided, nevertheless, that nothing in this clause contained shall be construed to extend the toleration of any sect or denomination of Christians, or others, by whatever name distinguished, who inculcate and hold for true doctrines, principles inconsistent with the safety of civil society, of and concerning which the legislature of this state shall from time to time determine.

The *Journal* goes on to say that "many debates arose thereon. . . . After much time spent therein, Mr. Jay moved and had leave to withdraw the said amendment, and then moved for and was seconded to substitute the following addition to the thirty-second paragraph." The proposal read:

> Religious freedom granted, "except the professors of the religion of the Church of Rome, who ought not to hold lands in, or be admitted to a participation of the civil rights enjoyed by the members of this state, until such time as the said professors shall appear in the Supreme Court of this state, and there most solemnly swear that they verily believe in their consciences, that no Pope, priest, or foreign authority on earth hath power to absolve the subjects of this state from their allegiance to the same. And further, that they renounce and believe to be false and wicked the dangerous and damnable doctrine that the Pope, or any other earthly authority, hath power to absolve men from their sins, described in and prohibited by the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ; and particularly that no Pope, priest, or foreign authority on earth, hath power to absolve them from the obligation of this oath.

The motion was then put to a vote and was defeated.—ARTHUR COWLEY.

★

MONEY MINDED

SURPLUS *(sic)* said later the committee might ask for a $50,000 appropriation. Richard J. Barry, counsel to the committee, issued a statement indicating that he planned to follow up the evidence presented before the McNaboe Legislative Committee that the Bankers *(sic)* Alliance dominated the city relief payments—NEW YORK *Daily News, July 6, 1938, reporting on Councilman Abner Surpless' plans to investigate politics in New York City relief.*

TO MY READERS

An Appeal for Collective Action Against Fascism

UPTON SINCLAIR

EVER since 1906, when *The Jungle* was published in seventeen languages, there have been millions of humble people who have counted me as a friend. Today, when there are over ten million copies of my books in existence in more than forty languages, I am making an effort to reach these many readers, in what I believe is a grave crisis. To that end I ask the help of radio stations, and of editors of publications of liberal and democratic tendency, regardless of party or faction.

Being at work upon a play dealing with the French Revolution, I have been reading the documents of that time, and in a thousand details am struck by resemblances with events now being reported. History is repeating itself, and mankind has not learned enough from the sufferings of a whole continent over a century and a half.

The people of France attempted in 1789 to break the chains of feudalism, and the monarchies of Europe went to war to put those chains back upon their wrists. The result was the ravaging of a continent by twenty-two years of mass slaughter; the so-called Holy Alliance was riveted upon Europe, and the people of France were forced to wage several wars, both foreign and civil, before they won their elementary political rights.

One continent was involved in that struggle; but today we see the same course of events upon three continents. The peoples of Abyssinia, Spain, and China are fighting heroically for the rights of self-government; four autocracies are banded together against them, several more are lending secret aid, and the whole world is involved in a campaign of official lying. Conditions today are in many ways more sinister and deadly than those which prevailed in revolutionary France. In those days there were few newspapers, and the war of ideas was carried on by leaflets and pamphlets which were easy to print; but today the giant press is in the hands of special privilege, and in the radio the ruling classes have made themselves a master weapon for controlling the mass-mind. In 1789 military weapons were crude; the people of Paris could forge themselves fifty thousand pikes in thirty-six hours, and with these overthrow a nine hundred year old despotism. But today a people cannot get free without rifles and machine-guns, and in the last few years it has been demonstrated to the world that they cannot stay free unless they can manage to persuade the masters of munition factories to make them bombing and pursuit planes, giant cannon hauled by tractors—all the equipment of mechanized militarism, costing hundreds of millions of dollars.

The system of production for private profit, dying of the poisons engendered in its own body, is today dragging to its doom the civilization which it has helped to spread and develop. Five years ago I defined fascism as "capitalism plus murder." That was the truth then. Class privilege, terrified by the spread of revolt against mass suffering, created a new force for its defense. But now we see a further development; the new force turning out to be stronger and more deadly than its creator. Gangsterism has seized the world, and the capitalists, too, have a master.

At the outbreak of the World War Prussian militarism was called by this writer "the beast with the brains of an engineer." In the twenty-four years that have passed, that beast has been to school and perfected his technique. He no longer permits opposition, intellectual or moral; he wipes it out by methods which have not been known in Europe since the days of the Inquisition and the St. Bartholomew massacre. He burns books upon a scale forgotten since the destruction of the library of Alexandria deprived us of most of the intellectual treasures of ancient Greece and Rome. He is not content with making slaves of the workers; he takes their children and twists their minds, turning them into little demons strutting with toy guns. He has made anti-moralism and anti-humanism into a religion, and conducts on its behalf a crusade upon the five continents of the earth.

How can such things happen? How can this evil thing go on from triumph to triumph? The answer is that privileged classes would rather see civilization perish than sacrifice their own power to exploit. In every nation where the profit system prevails, the masters of munitions, of steel and oil and money, speculators in the means of human life, gamblers in misery, death, and destruction, are openly or secretly the friends of fascism-Nazism; still clinging to the hope that they can master it or buy it, and use it for the holding down of the workers, the preventing of a new birth of democracy in the world, this time in industry as well as in government.

The result is that patriotism today is a deception in our society; class has become more than country, and in every government the rulers are intriguing with other governments

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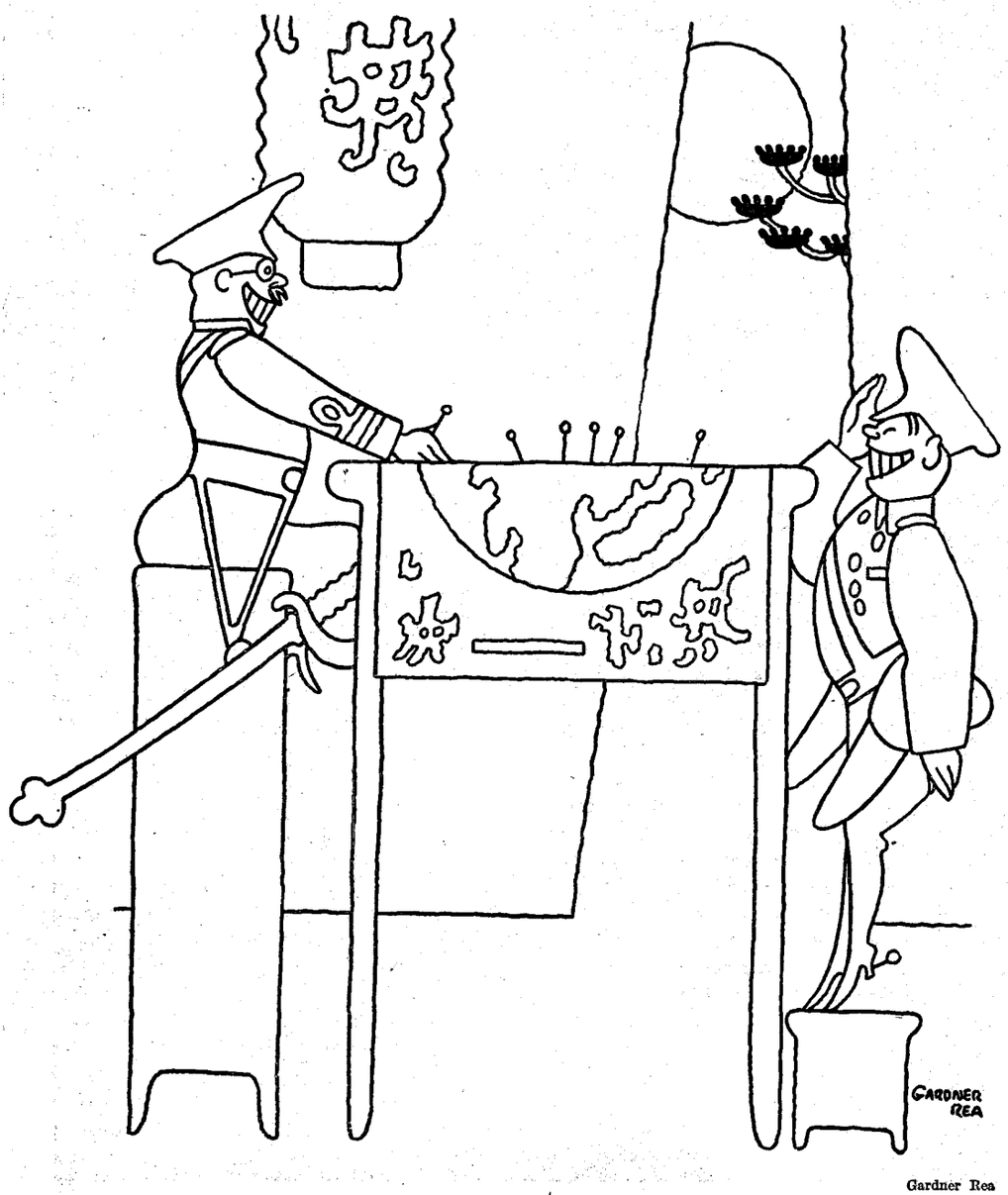
to keep the people down, betraying them, betraying civilization itself. That is why in France the money-lords are willing to see Germany fortifying the Pyrenees, and Italy plotting to cut them from Africa, and counter-revolution preparing to destroy the democracy of France. That is why the British tories have been willing to risk the cutting of the life-line of their empire, and to see Germany win the World War twenty years after—rather than take the risk of that Socialism which must surely follow a Hitler or a Mussolini defeated in war.

Events are moving so fast that what is written today may be out of date tomorrow. One can only guess at the future; but on June 1, 1938, we see the brave and truly democratic people of Czechoslovakia about to be thrown to the wolves, to keep the pack sated a few weeks longer; the people of Hungary, Roumania, and the Balkan states, of Denmark, Holland, and the Baltic states, all trembling beneath a rumbling avalanche. Throughout far-off Asia the poison is being spread; there is not a country in South America free from it; and even in my own "sweet land of liberty" we have in our State Department men who are open sympathizers with reaction, and who, with the consent of our President, are using a hypocritical "Neutrality Act" as a means of strangling the democratically chosen people's government of Spain, and denying it the right to purchase arms for its own defense. This action is putting an iron band of fascism about Spain; it is subjecting France to British tory intrigue, and in the end it may break democracy in Europe.

Against such array of military and money power there is no defense save in the awakening people. To all workers and producers, whether of hand or brain, wherever these words of mine may be able to penetrate, I plead: Do not permit this conspiracy against justice and human right to take another step toward triumph. People of France, do not permit the Spanish border to be sealed. People of Britain, stop the deal with Hitler which will permit the sacrifice of the little peoples of Central Europe. People of Soviet Russia, help the world to understand more clearly the difference between producers and exploiters, and why all the hopes of the future lie in the producers. People of Asia, lift your voices against the military lords of Japan. People of South America, cherish your revolutionary traditions, and do not permit money to become more than liberty and truth.

To the people of my own country, sons and daughters of the American Revolution, I plead that they will prepare for that new birth of freedom which our great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, promised us, and see to it that government of the people, by the people and for the people does not perish from the earth. To enlightened and truth-loving people of the whole earth I plead that they will make their voices heard in this crisis, and let it be known that moral values still count for something in the affairs of men; that government by gangsters is not and shall not be the final destiny of our civilization.



Gardner Rea

"Marvelous news, my General. Private Fuui has personally surrounded a million of the enemy."

★

IN DUE TIME

THE following self-explanatory form letter was recently received by Modern Age Books from Mitsukoshi Limited, of Tokyo, which describes itself as "The leading department store in the Orient."

RE ACCOUNT SETTLEMENT

Dear Sirs:

Referring to our outstanding account due to you, we have to inform you that our payment for same has regretfully not yet been released by our Ministry of Finance notwithstanding we have done our best to gain permission and also while the manner of the ministry has very often shown us gestures as if they should grant us it without undue delay.

We, of course, are having every painstaking endeavor and continuing our possible effort to secure permission for payments on abroad as soon as possible. And we would like to repeat that our government neither until now restricted nor prohibited imports of books, which imports, according to the government's information, will not be ceased unless otherwise contained non-useful books, so that our payments can not have been suspended by the government, yet our payments shall be released in due time.

From the above view, please, in better understanding of our present position, accept our adjournment for settlement of the account, although it might be quite painful experience for you, for we are giving our utmost effort to aim at sooner success on payments. Our own financial condition is excellent and always ready to make payment for you, so kindly await a little while in believing our power for squaring up the account somewhat long due against our will.

Thanking you in advance for your kind attention to the matter and assuring you of our constant effort, we are,

Yours faithfully,

Mitsukoshi Limited
Book Department

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BREAD, 1938

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★

Time to Expand

THE sensational twenty-point spurt in the stock market seems to have spent itself and in the last week there were slight declines. The New York *Times* index of business activity for the week ended July 2 also dropped from 77.4 to 76.2, wiping out the gains for the three preceding weeks. It is evident that those who saw in the rise in stocks and in production the approaching end of the economic crisis have been a bit too sanguine.

The chief weakness in the present economic situation, obstructing any substantial upward movement, is indicated in the July economic survey of the National City Bank.

> We do not think that business men are disposed to expect too much of the present situation. They know that buying spurts can die down as suddenly as they begin, and will do so if the goods bought do not move readily into consumption. . . . They know that *prospects for the capital goods industries, railroad, utility, and factory equipment, and for factory and commercial construction, are not encouraging, so far as can now be seen;* and that most analysts of the business situation limit their expectations of fall improvement chiefly to the textiles and other consumers' goods. (Emphasis ours—Ed.)

The fact is that steel ingot production, which is the chief economic barometer, is still at only 28 percent of capacity, compared with 76 percent at this time last year. Moreover, the economic crisis, far from subsiding, is spreading to European countries and developing into a world crisis. The financial experts of the League of Nations have just issued a report showing that in the first quarter of 1938 world industrial production lost the ground it had gained in the past two years and dropped to about 15 percent below that of 1929. Unemployment is also increasing in most countries, according to the report. (It should be noted that only in the Soviet Union is production moving steadily upward, while unemployment, completely eliminated some years ago, shows no signs of returning.)

What *is* true of the present economic situation in the United States is that speedy and decisive government intervention at this point to break the log-jam of the capital-goods industries (which, to some extent, is a product of deliberate sabotage by the monopolies) may well turn the tide. One of the positive factors is that consumer buying-power has held up much better than in the 1929 crisis because of New Deal policies and the activities of the trade unions, particularly those affiliated to the CIO. Thus while production is down to the average level of 1933, consumer incomes are at about the 1935 mark, which was some 15 percent above the level of 1933. The $3,753,000,000 relief-recovery program and the Wages and Hours Act will help further in shoring up purchasing power. These are, however, not sufficient to provide the requisite stimulus to the capital-goods industries that can break the back of the crisis. For this, further government action is necessary. The two greatest fields for capital expansion are in the railroad and building industries. Large-scale expansion of the government's housing program and government loans to the railroads, made on condition that the money be spent on new equipment, that there be no wage cuts or layoffs, and that the roads deflate their swollen capital structure, could provide a powerful impetus to the capital-goods industries and create hundreds of thousands of new jobs.

Roosevelt's Trip

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S Western tour has begun auspiciously at a time when the tide of his personal popularity is rising. The latest Gallup poll shows that 56 percent of the major-party vote is for Roosevelt today, as against 54.4 percent in June. This is the first upturn in his popularity chart since last October. The poll also shows that only in the upper-income group is there marked hostility to the President; 73 percent of the lower-income group and 53 percent of the middle-income category are for him today.

In the speeches he has made the President has called upon his oratorical skill, personal charm, and political adroitness to further the objective he frankly stated in his "fireside chat": the election of liberals in the congressional primaries. And he has tried to make the people of the regions he is visiting feel that they are part of the national scheme of things and have a national, as well as a local, stake in the outcome of the primaries. "Government with a soul," was the phrase he used in Oklahoma City to describe the kind of government that America needs.

Thus far, however, the President has dealt in generalities. Save for the conference he called shortly before leaving Washington to consider "the nation's number one economic problem"—the South—he has given no indication of the specific proposals he plans for the future. It would be unfortunate if the President were to continue to coast along in this fashion. The Gallup poll shows that the middle-income group of voters is on the fence in regard to Roosevelt, 53 percent supporting him. It is this group—the small manufacturers, merchants, professionals, and sections of the farmers—that the Republican and Democratic reactionaries are particularly angling for. The New Deal needs a program for the future that will meet the problems of the middle classes, as well as of the workers and poor farmers. It is the job of the labor and progressive organizations of the country to create such a program and to weld without delay the unity of the entire people for the defeat of the candidates of reaction.

"Blockade"

THAT perverse handful of Catholic leaders who have made a career of opposing everything the rest of their church and America want have been busy sabotaging *Blockade,* the film that shows the effect of Franco's murder of Catholic civilians in Spain. Led by the Rev. Edward Lodge Curran, the Brooklyn *Tablet, The Catholic Worker,* The Knights of Columbus, and the Legion of Decency, which has created a special category of disapproval for *Blockade* (along with *Birth of a Baby*) in its film ratings, the attack has been successful in canceling showings of the film in several key cities.

In Flint, Mich., all bookings have been canceled. After the first run in Buffalo, these reactionary noisemakers succeeded in preventing all subsequent showings. In Boston, where the picture is scheduled to open on July 15, the announcement has provoked a unanimous howl from the Boston press, which is dominated by Cardinal O'Connell. The timorous management of United Artists, whose chairman is a Catholic, has failed to promote the picture or to make use of the flood of congratulatory messages that reached Walter Wanger, the producer.

Naturally enough, this is a small part of the picture. Moved by the vigorous campaign of Associated Film Audiences, organizations all over the country are pushing *Blockade.* In Boston a mass meeting is planned by Unitarian and Congregational religious groups and the entire liberal and labor movement, at which it is planned to have Mr. Wanger fly in from Hollywood to speak on freedom

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of the film. In Detroit, it took only a week before the blockade was lifted by mass pressure of labor, and the picture goes into the large Butterfield chain. In Brooklyn, Father Curran's own diocese, a threatened picket line failed to appear and record-breaking crowds turned out for the second run opening. In Columbus, O., ministers, the Parent-Teachers Association, chain telephone calls and a radio program, brought the largest crowds in six months to the theater playing *Blockade*. In Chicago, Mr. Wanger was forced to lease a large independent house after the film was refused by the Balaban & Katz chain. With the support of the local chapter of the American Newspaper Guild and other organizations, business is good.

In San Francisco, where the movie was advertised in the press as an anti-war film about Spain, *Blockade* has broken all house records in a four-weeks engagement, and is still running. The producer has received thousands of messages of approval from individuals and organizations. The demand for bookings from managers throughout the nation is unprecedented. Everyone wants to see it except the deluded pickets and the sinister pro-fascist forces behind them.

Support from every kind of peace, labor, and religious organization is united behind *Blockade*. Among them are: the YMCA and YWCA; the National Council of Jewish Women; United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, CIO; the Fellowship of Reconciliation; the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; the National Council for Prevention of War; the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; the Council for Social Action of the Congregational and Christian Churches of the United States; the National Urban League; the National Peace Conference; the Epworth League; the American League for Peace and Democracy; the United Parents Association; the United Federal Workers; the United Office and Professional Workers; and a good many other organizations. In every case, these groups have not only endorsed the film and congratulated the producer, but they have urged their membership to see it. We see here a great expression of the embryo democratic front defending popular culture against the attacks of a reactionary minority. For the first time all peace organizations are united on a vital issue.

It is no cry of "Wolf!" to say that the fate of *Blockade* is the fate of contemporary American films. Hollywood has four more "controversial" films waiting on the producers' desks while Wanger's picture decides the issue. Three of these are scheduled at Wanger's own company, United Artists: Sam Goldwyn's *Exiles,* about Hitler's refugees; *Personal History,* which is an account of life under fascism; and *Idiot's Delight,* from the anti-war play. If *Blockade* is forced to fail financially these pictures will never be made and the United Artists executives have said so. The irony for the rank-and-file Catholic who allows himself to be influenced by Father Curran, lies in the fact that all of these projected pictures, as well as *Blockade,* plead for freedom of religion. Are Catholics against this? Are they for the baby bombers, the hosts of concentration camps, the defilers of civilization? The answer is no! Millions of American Catholics will join the crowds who want to see *Blockade*.

Now the battle must be fought with floods of protests to theater owners who have been intimidated, and floods of approval to the producers in the form of letters, telegrams, petitions, and money in the till.

War in Palestine

THE violence in Palestine has reached the proportions of incipient civil war. No day passes but the numbers of Arabian and Jewish deaths by bombing, sniping, rioting, and sabotage mount. An Associated Press dispatch of July 9 stated that between July 5 and July 9, five days, there were fifty-eight deaths—forty-four Arabs and fourteen Jews—and 189 injured—143 Arabs and forty-six Jews. These figures may be taken as typical. Though the Arabs are evidently suffering the greater losses, the ultimate outcome of any far-reaching conflict can only have the most serious consequences for the Jews. In any war of extermination—which hotheads on both sides are busy advocating—the chief suffering will be felt by the Jews not only because there are three Arabs to every Jew in Palestine itself but because Palestine is only a relatively small part of the surrounding Arabian world.

Terrorism on both sides became an everyday occurrence immediately after the British announced their plan to partition the small mandate into three parts. That plan satisfied nobody and made both sides extremely apprehensive. The action which seems to have precipitated the present emergency was the execution, on June 29, of a young Jewish "Revisionist," convicted of having fired into a bus filled with Arabs. The British High Commissioner refused to commute the sentence to imprisonment; the Revisionist-fascists, whose slogan is "For every Jew—two Arabs," thereupon let loose a counter terror which now threatens to wash the Holy Land in blood.

The fundamentals in the situation must not be obscured by our concern with the day-by-day tragedy. The dominant fact is still that the British, starting in 1915, made absolutely incompatible promises to both the Arabs and the Jews with the result that both felt themselves betrayed by the mandate. Since then, it has been British policy to keep both peoples fighting one another in order to prevent unity against its own imperialist control. Secondly, the Arabian nationalist movement has, within the past few years, reached almost irresistible proportions in Egypt and Syria; the events in Palestine are bound up with this national resurgence. Thirdly, the Jewish Revisionists, fascist in their methods and aims, have obtained an alarming influence at a time when the utmost restraint and skill is required to avoid a terrible civil war. Only the British imperialists benefit from this suicidal conflict between the Arabs and Jews; it is in the best interests especially of the Jews that rapprochement between the two peoples, as recently recommended by no less a public figure than Cyrus Adler, be achieved. This rapproachment can only be achieved by unity against the British mandatory.

Prisoners of Franco

WILLIAM P. CARNEY, New York *Times* correspondent in fascist Spain, has long been notorious as a Franco apologist. But even his twisted, disingenuous, and cynical report of a visit to the eighty Americans held prisoners in the San Pedro de Cardena concentration camp, cannot be read without a profound sense of pride in our American youth. Ragged, starved, hounded, beaten, cramped in vermin-ridden quarters, without newspapers, cigarettes, or any contact with the outside world, their festering wounds left for months without surgical treatment, they yet remain contemptuous of the horrors they are going through, uncompromising in their detestation of fascist tyranny, and intransigeantly loyal to their democratic ideals. They are what America would expect her boys to be—proud, stalwart, brave—worthy representatives in Spain of American humanity.

It is a pity that, being possessed of an excellent supply of democratic manhood, our government consistently avoids utilizing it in the State Department. Even pro-fascist Chamberlain has been making some effort to save the British boys from Franco's clutches, according to Mr. Carney. The British Government has proposed the exchange of its subjects held prisoner by Franco for Italians held by the Republicans. It has even expressed readiness to pay all the expenses connected with the return of these prisoners to England. But the State Department in Washington refuses to lift a finger in behalf of our boys. This country can well afford

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to lose some of the fascist-minded fogies in the State Department; it can ill afford to lose even one valiant fighter for democracy.

Rates Up, Jobs Down

THE railroad companies have put over a fast one. Though the Interstate Commerce Commission at first refused to sanction their plea for increased passenger rates, now the Commission has turned about and granted the railroads the right to raise rates one-half cent per mile on the Eastern lines. To be sure, this is only an "experiment" for eighteen months. Yet it comes just at the time when the railroads have been forced to postpone the 15 percent wage cut they demanded. It comes just at the moment when the companies have begun to realize that they probably won't receive the wage reductions because of the united resistance by the railroad brotherhoods.

What the companies can't get one way, they finagle another. The 25 percent increase in passenger rates will no doubt cost the roads something in volume of traffic—rail fares exceed bus fares, for example, by one cent a mile. But the companies expect the higher tariff will more than offset the loss in the number of passengers. With fewer people using the service, fewer trains will be run. Men in the yards and shops as well as those who staff the trains will lose jobs.

No doubt about it, the upping of passenger rates is a great thing for the companies. It should make the holders of watered bonds feel more secure. And those whose unearned income is thus bolstered can, in addition, gloat in the knowledge that the railroads have added to unemployment, and have once again quite effectively done their share to sabotage the President's recovery program.

Benjamin Cardozo

BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO'S legal scholarship, philosophical understanding, and personal charm are common knowledge to lawyer and layman alike. Humanity and learning ran through his lectures and decisions as with perhaps no other modern jurist save Holmes. The Supreme Court in the troubled times before us will miss his guidance.

Labor's debt to Justice Cardozo has never been sufficiently recognized. He liberalized the New York Court of Appeals. Under his Chief Judgeship the court's attitude on the use of injunctions in labor disputes and the right of collective bargaining became progressive and enlightened. Cardozo recognized that labor law "is yet in the making or, better perhaps, in the remaking. We cannot doubt that its new form will bear an impress of social needs and values which are emerging even now to recognition and to power."

Largely under his stimulus the court was sympathetic to social legislation. It declared valid a law requiring one day of rest in seven, laws prohibiting night work of women in factories and in restaurants. It refused to interfere with the emergency-rent laws, passed after the World War, which protected tennants from extortionate rents in a time of housing scarcity. It interpreted the workmen's compensation laws broadly, looking to the spirit of that statute.

On the United States Supreme Court, Cardozo was a fit successor to Holmes, whom he replaced in the liberal minority. And when it became the majority, he helped give breadth to the interstate-commerce and general-welfare clauses of the Constitution. To this work we owe the decisions upholding the National Labor Relations Act and the Social Security Act. Who can forget Cardozo's answer to so-called "constitutionalists" in the social-security cases:

> It is too late today for the argument to be heard that in a crisis so extreme the use of the moneys of the nation to relieve the unemployed and their dependents is a use for any purpose narrower than the promotion of the general welfare.

Differences at Evian

FROM available reports, it appears that the Evian Refugee Conference has patched up all its differences except the main ones. As yet, nobody knows how closely any permanent organization set up at Evian will cooperate with the League or just what refugees will come within its scope of operation. The idea at present seems to be to hurdle these obstacles with ambiguous formulas. This is very much to the liking of the British, to whom the whole business of helping the helpless is distasteful, but it also helps the Americans to salvage something.

President Roosevelt took the initiative in calling this conference precisely because the League machinery on the refugee problem had broken down. One former High Commissioner for Refugees, James G. McDonald, had resigned in disgust. British strategy at Evian, by insisting upon a virtual duplication of League activity, was intended to strangle this new effort in advance.

It is a source of gratification to Americans that their President made this conference possible and that, despite the sabotage of Britain and its satellites, something may yet be done in the future for the refugees. Myron Taylor, head of the American delegation, skillfully avoided the British invitation to go out on a limb but did not decline the responsibility of conference president. In recent years, the refugee problem has clearly become one of the peripheral tragedies of fascism. It is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will not relax his determination to help these victims of fascism, despite the opposition which Chamberlain's representatives may be counted upon to make in the future.

Mr. High's Self-Exposure

ATTACKING the Communists in print is a lucrative business, and no doubt the latest unfolder of mysteries, Mr. Stanley High, has done well for himself with his *Saturday Evening Post* article. If our information is correct, his net return will be somewhat reduced owing to the fact that he bought most of his "facts" in bulk, thus saving himself a certain amount of running around; but the *Post's* liberalism to "liberals" is well known, so Mr. High must come out with a handsome surplus. What else has he accomplished? He has spread before some three million people a mélange of statistical information available in a thousand pamphlets, reports, and publications; has wrapped these up in misinterpretation and innuendo intended to give a sinister aspect to the most commonplace statements; added a vigorous seasoning of his own bias, and put the mess out as the whole story about Communism today.

Mr. High's misstatements and falsifications have a wide range. He is capable of solemnly affirming as a fact that the Communist Party stenographers eat at the corner drugstore and the executives in a hotel dining room. He trots out the "Moscow gold" canard all over again, and such trash. He also indulges in distortions of such major questions as the situation in the automobile workers union. The letter we publish from B. K. Gebert deals with High on the subject of the automobile workers, and indicates how reliable the gentleman is in other instances. But an interesting question comes up, in regard to Mr. High himself. He has posed for years as a liberal, was once something of a figure in the youth movement, held a job in the New Deal in its early days, and in general has striven to convey the impression that he is an enlightened citizen. In his article he sneers at (1) the boycott of Japanese silk; (2) the Americans who have fought and died in Spain; (3) the whole idea of fighting fascism at home. He takes the precaution of saying that whoever attacks Communism is labeled a fascist—and then in his eagerness to attack Communism, proceeds to attack every force in this country that is lined up against fascism. Mr. High's article, therefore, becomes not an "exposé" of Communism but an exposé of Mr. High, the one-time "liberal," as a valuable ally of all the fascist forces that the democratic front is pledged to battle.

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WHAT SPAIN HAS DONE

The Spanish People Will Take Nothing But Victory

JOSEPH NORTH

Barcelona (By Cable)

When Jesus Hernandez carried the portfolio of the Ministry of Education before he became Commissar of the Central Fronts, he got thousands of postcards daily from men in the army. He showed me some—results of the Milicias of Culture, his front line schools. One soldier wrote, "Thanks to the new government I can read and write. Now I am a man."

To comprehend the Spanish people's resistance during these two years, you must understand these postcards. Soldado, who wrote "Now I am a man," is not afraid to die for that privilege.

Two years of war. The invaders hope soon to hammer at the gates of Valencia, queen city of the Levante. They are losing thousands of men daily to reach those gates. Valencia is Madrid once again; the folk of that subtropical city labor day and night at fortifications. They don't wait as Madrid did until the Moors crossed the Manzanares. On all other fronts the fascists are held to a standstill. They concentrate everything they have against the Levante—and retain only defensive forces on other fronts: Lerida, Tortosa, Extrenadura, the Pyrenees, Madrid.

Fascism races against time, which brings hunger. Barcelona papers daily carry news under the standing headline "DECOMPOSITION OF THE FASCIST CAMP." STRIKES IN GRANADA," "DEMONSTRATIONS BANNED IN MOROCCO," "FALANGISTES VERSUS REQUETES," "YAGUE," "QUIEPO," the long disgruntled list. Mussolini is in a bad way; the newspapers exult in his poor wheat crop, his lopsided exchequer. The Anglo-Italian Pact rocks on the shoals off Alicante and Valencia, where British ships go down with the Union Jack for all pirate airmen to see. And the British people know that well. The democratic peoples strain at the leash of "non-intervention," of false embargoes.

Premier Negrin's adjuration to resist has been heeded; resistance breeds victory in today's world, where the aggressors are 60 percent bluff. This is no military axiom, discovered yesterday. Spain has known it for years, over a century. In the war of 1808, Napoleon had whittled away until Spain retained only a small slice of the Levantine coast and a patch in southern Extremadura. Napoleon couldn't win because the Spanish people wouldn't stop fighting. Thomas Babington Macaulay, shrewd observer of European history, wrote in 1833, "There is no country in Europe which it is so easy to overrun as Spain; there is no country in Europe which it is more difficult to conquer." Referring to the War of Succession in 1702, he said of Spain: "Her armies have long borne too much resemblance to mobs; but her mobs have had, in unusual degree, the spirit of armies." And Macaulay was wise when he said, "War in Spain has, from the days of the Romans, had a character of its own; it is a fire which cannot be raked out; it burns fiercely under the embers; and long after it has, to all seeming, been extinguished, bursts forth more violently than ever."

There is, of course, historical basis to this seeming contradiction in Spain's military fortunes. The old Iberian Peninsula was inhabited by different peoples, separated by mountains and differing commercial tradeways. They spoke different languages, their armies presented disunity to the invader. But the commoners were of unusually hardy, able stock. They harried the life out of the invader and made him glad to return home with a few regiments left. Today's picture is different; republican Spain, under a government of national unity, presents a people and an

Lithograph by Edgar Britton

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army united as no Spanish people ever was. It is the exact opposite to the scene in Franco Spain today, torn half a dozen ways by invaders versus Spaniards, and the Spaniards there torn between Falangistes and Requetes, and the armies torn between the ambitions of generals. The tables for once in Spanish history are turned.

And again: in addition to the war for independence, the Spanish republican war is for a better economic system. Never have the people benefited by social laws as today. Wages are double and triple—the average Spaniard today makes between twenty-five and thirty-five pesetas daily. The popular restaurants feed him well at five pesetas a meal. Rent is one-third that of pre-war days. The schools are open for his children, he himself has learned to read and write. Four hundred thousand in Barcelona eat two good meals a day for ten pesetas—one-third their daily wage. They get beans or lentils, potatoes or rice, in the first plate; meat and potatoes or two fried eggs or salt fish in the second plate. There is always some fruit for dessert. Never have they lived so well in that rich country whose riches were gobbled up by evil government feudal landowners and Juan Marches.

This is the picture of Spain today. No wonder Negrin so easily stilled the "buzzing of the flies," the chatter of a handful of compromisers recently. The Premier appealed to the people, and the people made its voice heard in unmistakable terms. Through their Popular Front, they let the world know they will not take anything but victory. Overwhelmingly, republican Spain is with Negrin's policies. The unity of the Popular Front is strengthening, and yesterday the Marxian parties of Valencia met jointly to discuss quicker and stronger fortifications. Hundreds of thousands urge a single Marxian party in loyalist Spain. UGT and CNT committees of coordination are functioning efficiently. An example of all this can be seen in Sagunto, gateway to Valencia. The high smokestacks of the great metallurgical plant here belch fumes day and night, and workers there do not let up one moment in twenty-four hours a day. In three shifts they continue producing for war needs. The invaders' planes come over daily, but work goes on. Sagunto, their town of homes, is practically destroyed, but the workers and their families live in the *refugios* of the plant and work goes on. The government recognized their valor by an award as "Heroes of Labor," and Sagunto's story is that of Madrid and a hundred other towns. That is the work of the Popular Front.

As for the withdrawal of "volunteers," republican Spain is willing—but skeptical. It understands the international factors forcing Mussolini to pretend agreement in order to hold London's financial support. Spain continues to put its faith in its powder horn. Resistance and resistance! And Spain fully expects the democratic peoples to come boldly to the side that stands for peace and democracy. That in brief is the picture of republican Spain after two years of war.

WHAT AMERICA CAN DO

Aid to Spain Will Aid Us Against Fascism Here

DAVID McKELVY WHITE

On July 19 of last year, the Lincoln-Washington Battalion did not hold any meeting on the occasion of the first anniversary of the fascist revolt in Spain. I am sure I was not conscious of the significance of the day, and I do not remember that anyone else mentioned it. On July 17, just behind the lines near Villanueva del Pardillo, the battalion had withstood a terrific shelling for about three hours and a ferocious bombing and strafing from forty planes. The eighteenth and nineteenth were spent in front lines, helping a Spanish brigade to repel an attack. On the night of the nineteenth, we tramped eighteen kilometers, mostly along a sandy creek bed, to a position nearer Brunete where, after one hour's sleep, we again went into action.

This year, to the best of our knowledge, July 19 finds the Americans in Spain enjoying a much-deserved rest. We can be sure that there is much discussion of the past two years, of the present international situation, of the prospects of a loyalist victory, of the history of the International Brigades and particularly of the Americans in Spain.

It would be interesting to know how many of the men at present with the brigade remember the long, cold truck ride on the night of Feb. 15, 1937 from Albacete to Morata, how many remember the first casualties on the crest of Suicide Hill and took part in the first American attack on February 23. Probably they are very few in number, for, of the four hundred or so who, in that month, set a record which has since then been so brilliantly strengthened and upheld, a number have returned to America, some are fascist prisoners, and many have been killed and more have been seriously wounded during a year and a half of exceedingly active and almost continuous service.

But others have taken the places of those who are missing. The Americans, along with the Spanish army, have grown in numbers and experience. They have come up against constantly increased concentration of munitions supplied to Franco by Hitler and Mussolini. From the early trench warfare at Jarama they have gone through the open and mobile offensive at Brunete, the fierce attacks and the bitter street fighting of Quinto and Belchite last fall, and this spring in Aragon they learned at great cost the tactics of open maneuver for units of all sizes. Suicide Hill has given place to Mosquito Ridge near Brunete. Mosquito Ridge has given place to the church at Quinto. And the church at Quinto has given place to the fighting along the Ebro which called forth all their American resourcefulness, loyalty, and courage. In the year and a half they have seen many of their leaders shot down, many of the men from their ranks killed, taken groaning to the hospitals. They bear in their memories the names of John Scott, Oliver Law, Harry Hynes, Milton Herndon, Phil Detro, Dave Doran, and many another of America's finest sons—men who have fallen as America's pledge to democracy and the struggle of a free people.

When the history of the Americans in Spain is written, the whole course of growth and training of the Spanish army will be told in miniature. But standing forth boldly will be a record of devotion which America will be proud to call her own. As the Americans gather this year on July 19 to reflect their experiences and to look ahead at the month to come, there can be only one lesson which will take preference. This will come not from newspapers, not from leaflets or press releases, but from the inevitable observations and the grim experience of the men themselves. What Spain needs and has always needed is not men. She has plenty. It is not courage. She has proved, again and again, courage which has shaken the world with pride in the capacity of human beings to withstand punishment, continue iron resistance.

What Spain needs today and what she always needed is arms. With any reasonable proportion of the munitions at Franco's command, the government could over and over have gained victory against this foreign invasion. The crippling effect of lack of arms has grown from a year ago until this is the one way in which Franco can possibly compensate for the increasing lack of spirit and bravery which has always characterized the bulk of his fighters. In the recent offensive when Franco broke through to the sea, the loyalist troops faced a mechanized concentration never before seen in the history of the world. Men who have returned from this action speak always of the same thing—the refusal of Franco's troops to fight, their dependence on a dense curtain of steel against which the loyalists struggled heroically.

It is not necessary any more to speak of the issues in Spain. We don't have to . . . today the old story, so well known, of reactionary revolt against an elected government, of the criminal tale of foreign intervention and "non-intervention." What we

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.o do today is to appreciate more keenly the international peril, which does not spare our country in its calculation, of the combined fascist advance in Spain. We need to clear our national honor of the shame of its Spanish record. We must demand boldly the right of the Spanish people to our military markets for their self-defense. It is necessary to our honor as it is to our security that unprovoked aggression cease suddenly to be expected international practice.

When we of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and those of us who are veterans appeal to the American people for support for the Brigade, we don't do so only because our relatives and friends in Spain pull at our heart strings. We ask the support, indeed we demand the support because America's great need today is to be made aware of the dangers which confront her. Letters and packages which go to Spain, our shipments of food, clothing, chocolates, tobacco, and other comforts mean more than a somewhat easier life for men who are battling courageously under very difficult conditions. The money which has been pouring into our office for bringing home the Americans who are in France and the American borders means more than kindness to these men and to their families who await them so anxiously. Lifting the embargo itself, when we accomplish it, will be more than a life line thrown to the heroic Spanish people.

All this activity means that the American eople are becoming more aware of why 3,000 f their sons went to Spain and why they have achieved such a brilliant record. It means that the American people are learning not alone the inevitable danger of fascism but also its symptoms and tactics. As little Hitlers erupt in this country, and as various unprincipled nen respond to the flood of foreign fascist opaganda, America must be awakened to iat will lie in store for her.

This is the reason why one of the most beful and encouraging scenes in our na- al life is the fact that from all walks of steadily increased homage is paid to the ericans in Spain, steadily increased sup- rt for the principles which took them there d which held them in the trenches through e fire of a savage and desparate lunge to- rd a victory for darkness and blotting out our culture. Today is the test. With the adily increasing support of the democratic ople of the world, the Spanish people and r Americans will wipe out this menace and ore Spain to the Spaniards and the world peace.

★

"UNITED FRONT"

URGE Republicans not to oppose Rep. John J. O'Connor (Dem., N. Y.). It d be a breach of loyalty if we should de- ne man who fought the New Deal even effectively than we have." REP. HAMIL- ISH *to the New York Republican State nittee, July 8.*

THE NEW DEAL AND TOMORROW

Conclusion of a Series of Three Articles

A. B. MAGIL

IN an extemporaneous speech at Poughkeepsie on the eve of the 1936 election President Roosevelt said:

> One of the good things that came out of the depression was the fact that men and women, rich and poor, in every part of the country, have begun to study the future of America. They have been wondering whether we should do this, or that, or the other thing; and back of it all there has lain, as far as I can see, two very definite thoughts in people's minds. The first is to retain our American form of government—the democratic system, spelled with a small "d"—the representative system of government. The other thing that I have carried away with me in this campaign is the thought that people want progress, that they feel that there have been a great many things in the past that we did not do, but that with a great deal of modern knowledge and modern experience, the time has come in the United States to accomplish more things for the average citizen.

Roosevelt has on a number of occasions returned to this theme—the political awakening of the American people. That awakening, a social phenomenon whose importance cannot be exaggerated, has been the chief influence that has rescued the New Deal from the big-business reactionaries who once dominated it and transformed it into an instrument of democracy and progress. Roosevelt's historic contribution lies in the fact that, sensing this popular mood, he has helped give it articulateness and has increasingly undertaken to create those new values that express the deepest needs of the people.

Two other factors have also been responsible for changing the direction of the New Deal: the abandonment of the Roosevelt administration by the Wall Street monopolies, whose representatives (Woodin, Johnson, etc.) were originally part of the New Deal coalition, and the sharpening of the conflict between the fascist and anti-fascist forces on a world scale. In these three factors lie the main springs of the development not only of the New Deal, but of the whole struggle in the United States between progress and reaction, democracy and fascism.

The beginnings of the political self-assertion of the American people were already apparent in the 1932 election. The decisive defeat of Hoover was a rejection by the rank and file of the voters of all that he symbolized: hunger, wage cuts, eviction of farmers, terror against the veterans, impoverishment of the city middle classes. Millions demanded a new deal and they turned to Franklin D. Roosevelt as the personification of that new deal. The political thinking of the people at this stage, however, was still amorphous and fumbling. What was lacking was the *independent organization* of the masses in behalf of their own interests, and above all, the independent activity of the working class as the sole force capable of uniting around it the majority of the middle strata of city and countryside and of giving to the spontaneous popular movement direction, clarity, and firmness in the pursuit of objectives.

Where labor does not organize the people, the monopolies organize them. The New Deal, particularly the National Industrial Recovery Act, became the mechanism for effecting the organization of the people behind a program that strengthened monopoly and furthered the trend toward fascism. And the fact that the New Deal appeared in radical guise, inveighing against the money-changers, and had certain secondary progressive features only served to facilitate this process. In that period the upper leadership of the American Federation of Labor, by rejecting an independent course and entering into a formal partnership with big business, played what was probably the decisive role in funneling the anti-monopoly sentiment and nascent political consciousness of the masses into pro-monopoly channels.

The NIRA was based on illusion—the illusion of the unity of interests of capital and labor. But the very operation of the NIRA, by stimulating both union organization and the efforts of the employers to frustrate unionism, served to undermine that illusion and to accentuate the class struggle. This it was and the fact that the recovery of 1933-35 was deformed and made extraordinarily erratic by the general crisis of capitalism—the arteriosclerosis of the entire system—that caused big business to turn against Roosevelt.

It was the San Francisco general strike in July 1934, that crystallized the big-business opposition to the New Deal. It was this strike, too, which may be said to have laid the basis for the movement of militant industrial unionism that more than a year later emerged in the Committee for Industrial Organization. Though Gen. Hugh Johnson, NIRA Administrator, jumped into the strike situation with a fascist speech inciting violence against the workers, the men of Wall Street could not be appeased. One month after the general strike the American Liberty League was born, the first large-scale coalition of reactionary Republicans and Democrats. Hearst, whose newspapers had raised the cry of "Red

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...olution" against the strike and demanded its violent suppression, returned from a visit to Hitler Germany as an open propagandist of fascism and the leader of the anti-New Deal forces. The Chamber of Commerce established a Committee on Combating Subversive Activities and, together with the Hearst press and various patrioteering groups, launched a campaign for anti-democratic legislation. And in December a conference of some 100 industrial leaders in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., called jointly by the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce, drew up a comprehensive program for the drastic revision of the New Deal. The program, drafted by a committee headed by John J. Raskob, vice-president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, called for the relaxation of the wage, hours, and price-fixing provisions of the NIRA,[1] the elimination of government intervention and the establishment of complete "self-government" by industry (a proposal similar to one first put forward toward the end of 1933 by Gerard Swope, head of General Electric), the lowering of work relief rates below those in private employment, and the outlawing of sympathetic and general strikes. Wall Street had launched its offensive to drive the New Deal toward the right—toward fascism—and ultimately to supplant it with an administration more amenable to its wishes.

While the dominant business groups, which had originally supported Roosevelt, were uniting their forces on a bi-partisan basis to the right of the New Deal, a similar, though less uniform, process of realignment was developing on the left. During 1934 the majority of the strikes were no longer for the enforcement of the NIRA codes, as had been the case in 1933, but were waged in opposition to the policies of the NRA, headed by General Johnson and Donald Richberg. Despite frequent betrayals by the AF of L officialdom and repressive measures by government authorities (in the first year and a half of the NIRA the governors of no less than nineteen states called out the National Guard against strikers and more than fifty workers were killed in labor disputes) these strikes, even where they resulted in no economic gains, left a positive residue in the form of important lessons in industrial and class solidarity and independent labor action. Among the farmers and middle classes, as well as sections of the unorganized workers, dissatisfaction with New Deal policies manifested itself in the growth

Snow

Justice Cotillo Interprets the Law

of progressive, though confused, movements like Upton Sinclair's Epic, the Utopian Society, and the Townsend old-age-pension movement (which later was shunted onto a reactionary path). At the same time demagogues like Huey Long and Father Coughlin, playing on the hopes, fears, prejudices, and democratic traditions of the masses, sought to divert this popular discontent into outright fascist channels through the organization of such movements as the Share-Our-Wealth Clubs and the National Union for Social Justice.

The serious danger that disillusionment with the New Deal would be converted into grist for the mill of reaction was made evident in the 1935 state and local elections, in which the Republicans registered gains in many parts of the country. In New York City, where Liberty Leaguism was represented by the anti-New Deal Tammany Democrats, the election resulted in the defeat of fourteen of the sixteen Republican and Fusion members of the Board of Aldermen, who had been identified with the pro-New Deal policies of the LaGuardia administration.

Fortunately, however, the developing social unrest began in 1935 to assume clearer political form as the result of the entrance of the trade unions into the arena of independent political action. Local Labor and Farmer-Labor parties were organized in more than half the states of the Union and a Labor Party movement was launched within the AF of L under the leadership of Francis J. Gorman of the United Textile Workers (now affiliated to the CIO). The Communist Party played an important part in furthering this leftward regrouping of political forces. At this stage the movement for independent political action, while directing its main attack on the pro-fascist Wall Street oligarchy, was also highly critical of the Roosevelt administration and had few ties with New Dealers. However, in the Epic clubs in California and the Commonwealth Federation in the state of Washington there began to develop an organized progressive movement within the Democratic Party as well. And such organizations as the Workers Alliance, the American League Against War and Fascism (now the American League for Peace and Democracy), the National Negro Congress, the American Youth Congress, and the American Student Union served further to extend the progressive front.

Under pressure from both right and left Roosevelt attempted to pursue policies that would represent a compromise between progress and reaction. But since the reactionaries were, during the first two years of the New Deal, better organized and more united than the progressives, the Roosevelt compromises tended as a rule to favor big business.[2] Far from being content with these favors, the tycoons of Wall Street were only strengthened in their determination to oust the New Deal in order that they might proceed unencumbered toward the establishment of their complete dictatorship. Roosevelt was faced with the choice of complete surrender or of reversing the whole direction of the New Deal, assuming leadership of the incipient progressive movement and undertaking the active struggle for—as he subsequently phrased it —"democracy—and more democracy." He chose, not without frequent vacillation and retreat, the latter. It is no mere coincidence that the year which marked the emergence of the movements for both independent political action and for industrial unionism, 1935, was the year in which the New Deal began to turn toward the left, toward new social advance, toward the struggle to realize in living terms the desire of the American people for progress and democracy. That year saw the passage of the Utility Holding-Company Act —a measure which, unlike the NIRA, hit at monopolistic exploitation—the Social Security Act, the Guffey Coal Act, and the Wagner Labor Relations Act, all of which, particularly the first and the last, were bitterly opposed by Wall Street.

As a result of these measures and the increasing ferocity of the big business attacks on the New Deal, the organized workers and the bulk of the developing Farmer-Labor movement rallied to Roosevelt's support in the 1936 election, carrying with them the majority of the unorganized workers, farmers,

[1] The price-fixing provisions enabled the monopolies to raise prices at a time when they were relatively low. Later on these rigid provisions became a barrier to more complete monopolistic control of prices, just as the wage-hour provisions served to interfere with the further reduction of living standards. Thus the NIRA, originally a vehicle of the Wall Street drive toward fascism, became in the course of time something of an obstacle toward the further development of that drive, an obstacle which the Supreme Court obligingly removed in May 1935.

[2] For a detailed discussion of this question see the article in last week's issue.

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and small-business and professional people. The participation of the trade unions in the election achieved a new and significant form through the organization of Labor's Non-Partisan League. In both 1933 and 1936 the trade unions backed Roosevelt, but what a difference in the content of their support! In 1933 support of Roosevelt meant support of the program of the open-shop monopolies and abandonment of the struggle against them. In 1936 it meant struggle against the open-shoppers and of their whole program of reduction of living standards and the ultimate extinction of democracy. True, labor did not bring forward its own proposals nor did it demand commitments from Roosevelt, who in the past had shown himself unreliable in a number of situations. To that extent the independent character of labor's participation in the elections had definite limitations. But the fact that the labor movement acted as a united, organized unit and in one state, New York, even launched an independent party, the American Labor Party, marked a most significant break with the old Gompers "reward-your-friends-punish-your-enemies" policy.

Since the 1936 election Labor's Non-Partisan League and the American Labor Party have played an increasingly independent role and have broadened the scope of their activity to secure alliances with farmers and middle-class groups.

Influencing the course of the New Deal's development and the whole process of political realignment have been the events in Europe and Asia. The triumph of fascism in Germany stimulated fascist tendencies in all countries, including our own. The first phase of the New Deal program, with its closer fusion of the monopolies with the government and its NIRA codes that resembled the fascist "corporations" of Italy, was in part the response of the most reactionary sections of American finance-capital to that stimulus. On the other hand, the horrors of Nazi rule, the war aggressions of fascism, and the rise of united anti-fascist resistance signalized by the Austrian revolt and the great Paris demonstrations in February 1934, helped arouse large sections of the American people to the threat to their own liberties emanating from reactionary circles at home and abroad. President Roosevelt, too, has not been oblivious to these developments. It is one of his virtues that he has a sense of history and a world view, in contrast to the narrow provincialism of so many American progressives. And under the pressure of international events, he has shown an increasing disposition to relate the battle for democracy in the United States to the democratic struggle throughout the world.

Unfortunately, many progressives still fail to understand this relationship and on questions of foreign policy continue to think in the political stencils of 1914-18. As a result of this confusion and disunity in the progressive ranks, the New Deal of today has been less successful in resisting the pressure of reaction on the conduct of foreign affairs than on domestic questions.

It should be borne in mind that American imperialism, whose driving force is Wall Street finance-capital, is *for the present* interested in maintaining the status quo; it is opposed, on the whole, to aggression by other powers which threaten to precipitate a new world war that may jeopardize advantages gained by big business in the last war. It is this immediate economic stake that creates the possibility of political collaboration of the capitalist democracies against the fascist warmakers. The extent to which this possibility is realized depends on the degree of organization, unity, and clarity of the popular forces whose *permanent* interests lie on the side of peace and who have a powerful ally in the Soviet Union. A desire to preserve the status quo of the imperialist division of the world is not necessarily identical with a policy that will actually maintain peace. Though it is true that only the extreme fascist wing of American imperialism, represented by such men as Hearst and Father Coughlin, favors direct and active collaboration with the fascist powers, indirect collaboration—in the name of peace—may, as Chamberlain has shown, also be highly effective in undermining the peace of the world. The aim of the most reactionary sections of monopoly capital has been to convert the democratic good-neighbor policy of President Roosevelt into an instrument for continuing American imperialist domination of the Latin-American countries, and to pursue, in agreement with the British tories, a policy of "isolation" and "neutrality" in world affairs, which, in practice, means indirect cooperation with the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis. In addition, there is also a section of finance-capital, represented by the New York *Times,* which, alarmed at the fascist threat to American capitalist interests, particularly in the Pacific, is also moving, not without frequent vacillations, toward a policy of collective security. This section corresponds to that represented in England by Anthony Eden; the degree to which it will actively fight for collective security depends largely on the pressure of the popular peace forces.

John Heliker

Only in regard to the good-neighbor aspect of its foreign policy, because on this point it has received united progressive support, has the New Deal pursued a fairly consistent course. Yet even here reaction at the beginning had the upper hand. In the first test in connection with the Cuban uprising against the Machado dictatorship in August 1933, the Roosevelt administration permitted Ambassador Sumner Welles, now Under-Secretary of State, to pervert the good-neighbor policy in the interest of the Chase National and National City Banks. It was the machinations of Welles that were chiefly responsible for the overthrow of the democratic Grau San Martin government and the installation of the tyrant Batista. Since then, however, there has been a progressive change for the better, in the application of the good-neighbor policy. As a result, the New Deal has been able to dissipate the traditional mistrust of Latin-Americans toward the United States government and to act as something of a barrier to the penetration of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis, which represents the main fascist danger in Latin America, as well as to obstruct to some extent imperialist exploitation by the banks and corporations of the United States and England. (A good example is the administration's acceptance of the Mexican government's expropriation of the American and British oil companies and its refusal, despite reactionary clamor, to follow Chamberlain in provocative action in behalf of oil imperialism.)

In the field of world affairs, despite occasional tentative efforts at international cooperation, reactionary isolationism, embodied in the Neutrality Act, dominated New Deal policy until the latter part of 1937. The weakness of progressive opposition to this course was demonstrated in January of that year when only one member of Congress, Rep. John T. Bernard, Minnesota Farmer-Laborite, voted against the embargo on Spain. In the ensuing months, however, as a result of the events in China and Spain, a definite swing away from the isolationist position developed within both Congress and the country as a whole. This found expression in President Roosevelt's quarantine-the-aggressors speech in Chicago last October, which was a courageous and unequivocal appeal for a collective security policy. Both Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have in other utterances since then shown their desire to move away from the deceptive isolationism expressed in the Neutrality Act and the Spanish embargo. Nothing, however, so well demonstrates that New Deal policy is primarily determined not by the relative strength of the reactionary and progressive forces as the administration's failure thus far to lift the embargo and revise the Neutrality Act in harmony with the Chicago speech.

Here lies the most important lesson of the history of the New Deal.

In concluding their little book, *The New Deal: An Analysis and Appraisal,* the editors of the London *Economist* write:

> Mr. Roosevelt may have given the wrong answers to many of his problems. But he is at least the first president of modern America who has asked the right questions.

We have shown in this series of articles that in the first two years of his administration Roosevelt did give the wrong answers to the most important of his—and America's—problems, and that since then the answers have progressively come closer to being right. And we have shown why. If the New Deal is to fulfill its promise, if democracy is to survive and grow in these United States, the answers must in the future be even freer from error than in the recent past. For the Ameri-

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can people are asking those questions, too, and if the New Deal fails to provide the answers they need, large and important sections of the people may be lured into seeking them elsewhere—in dangerous quarters.

But the people themselves have the power to determine the answers that the New Deal will give. The conflict of which the New Deal has become the symbol is as irreconcilable as that which produced the Civil War. It is being fought on class, not sectional, lines—the democratic masses, the overwhelming majority of the population, against the small number of fascist-minded men of wealth who control the economic life of the nation and seek to be masters of its political life as well. And the question of who will defeat whom depends on whether the democratic masses are able in time to convert their numerical strength into the political strength that will keep democracy marching on.

In his great Madison Square Garden speech at the end of the 1936 campaign, President Roosevelt recognized the immediate meaning of this conflict and called on the American people to unite around a broad social program directed against "the forces of selfishness and of lust for power." Despite his efforts after the election once more to appease those forces by cutting relief rolls, the irreconcilable conflict burst forth anew in the Court reform fight, which will always remain as one of the glories of the New Deal. It burst forth again at the special session of Congress and at the last session. And it is being fought once more in the Congressional elections—one of the crucial battles which will determine the whole future course of the struggle for "democracy—and more democracy."

That struggle is today centered in the fight for recovery—for a people's recovery program—and in the fight for an effective peace policy. In a speech before the American Political Science Association last December 29 Solicitor General (then Assistant Attorney General) Robert H. Jackson said:

> The unvarnished truth is that the government's recovery program [he was referring to the program during the last economic crisis—A. B. M.] has succeeded nowhere else so effectively as in restoring the profits of big business. Labor has had no such advance. The small merchant has had no such prosperity. The small manufacturer has had no such advantage.
>
> The only just criticism that can be made of the economic operations of the New Deal is that it set out a breakfast for the canary and let the cat steal it; it did not sufficiently guard recovery from the raids of the monopolist.

In the present economic crisis all this must be changed; and after what the American people have gone through in the past nine years, they will not be content unless it is changed. This requires a much more adequate recovery program than the one that the President has thus far outlined. It requires not only more effective direct aid to the unemployed, the farmers, the small business men, but the coming to grips with monopoly through increased taxation of the wealthy, through the nationalization of banking, the railways, public utilities, and the munitions industry, and through democratic control of prices. The realization of such a program demands a far better organization of the popular forces than exists today. There is needed the creation around the New Deal of a great democratic front, supporting a single candidate for each office, fighting under the banner of jobs, security, democracy, and peace. Division within the labor movement is at present the great weakness that jeopardizes the developing democratic front and the whole struggle against reaction. That weakness must be overcome.

The New Deal has come a long way since 1933, but there can be no "breathing spell" if the power of corporate greed and monopoly over the lives of America's millions is to be broken. President Roosevelt believes that this can be done within the confines of the present economic system, and the majority of the American people today share this belief with him. The Communists, on the other hand, maintain that if the great democratic dream of Jefferson is to become reality in terms of modern industrial society, a new economic foundation for democracy is essential, a system of production for use—Socialism. "All the progressive measures of Roosevelt's New Deal," said Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, in his report at the party's recent tenth national convention, "are incomplete and fragmentary efforts to apply Jefferson's democratic principles to the new conditions of the twentieth century. They are incomplete and fragmentary because they avoid their logical consequences of a fundamental collision with monopoly capital."

It is these logical consequences—the Socialist transformation of society — that the Communists point to for the future. Socialism is inevitable because the masses of the people will not indefinitely tolerate a system that even under the most democratic governmental forms condemns millions to unemployment and destitution and casts over the whole of humanity the shadow of fascism and war. It is inevitable because the very struggle for the maintenance and extension of democracy will teach these millions the limitations of the present system and the necessity of supplanting the incomplete and insecure capitalist democracy with the far broader and more representative democracy of Socialism.

The New Deal is not Socialism and does not aim at Socialism, which is the issue of tomorrow. It seeks the preservation of democracy under capitalism, and that is the issue today when the economic royalists of the world are attempting to turn the clock back to a new age of darkness and tyranny. The program of the democratic front is, as Browder pointed out, "a further, and more systematic, effort to apply Jefferson's principles within the limits of the capitalist system of production and distribution." Toward this more systematic effort to apply Jefferson's principles our country—and the New Deal—must move. And everything vital and creative in American life says with President Roosevelt:

"The ultimate victory of tomorrow is with democracy."

PLANT 35

You remember the nights out on the loading platform when you took a puff
with her under the cool stars during a lull in the run and how warm her throat
was just like peaches out of lye and how she smelled of juices and syrups
and her body tensed up with all the emotion of a child at mass and her lips
hard at first then warm and vibrant
then things would change
with the slap slap of the belts floating out of the steaming cannery and you wonder
how much longer you had to work like a bunch of dogs at each others throats
with the girls swearing at the binboys and the binboys swearing back and the floorlady
swearing at everybody
and right off like that
you start thinking about next season when you never thought of it before
and how long this pack would last and if you'd ever grow up like the old men
pushing a squeege around the plant picking up dead peaches and putting them in a bucket
or like the old ladies on pie cutting out the brown parts of the ragged halfs and
plopping them in tin basins for a couple of bucks a shift
you keep thinking until
the cigarettes burn your fingers and you toss them away and go back to the belts
and you start all over again to look at the girls with their blue blouses pinned
tight about the waist so their breasts would stand up and quiver and you think
about her lying close beside you all the time with her body arched and breathing
hard on your cheek and you go about your work with the slop of the water and the
screams of the plant fading away in your illusion but still the worry of next season
and wondering how to get married taunting your mind like a strawboss. . . .

GEORGE KAUFFMAN

★ ★ ★

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Readers' Forum

Stanley High's Falsifications

TO NEW MASSES: Falsification is one of the methods of the reactionaries in an attempt to confuse and divide the progressive forces. This fully applies to the article of Mr. Stanley High in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

I could never have related "the part that the Communists had played in a whole series of recent Detroit strikes, particularly sitdown and wildcat strikes," because the Communists have not organized or advocated any wildcat strikes. As a matter of fact the Communists who might be members of the United Automobile Workers of America or any other union have always fought against any wildcat strikes. The Communists were in opposition to the wildcat general strike in Lansing called by the Lovestoneite board-member Washburn and supported by Martin. The Communists were in opposition to an unauthorized strike in Pontiac which was stimulated by the Trotskyites, among others by John W. Anderson, a strong supporter of Homer Martin. Communists were against the proposal advanced by Martin supporters for a general strike in Detroit during the American Brass strike last May.

Equally untrue is the falsification when the same Mr. Stanley High states that I named Mortimer as "party's representative on the board of the union." Even if that were so—which it is not—it would be questioning the intelligence of anybody to make such a statement. But I made no such statement to Mr. High or to anybody else, because it is not true. Mortimer is not a member of the Communist Party.

I wish to add one more point as to how Mr. High misrepresents the situation. In his article he declared that the so-called progressive caucus, headed by Martin, "had as its only objective the achievement of peace between the various factions." Everybody who wants to know knows that the progressives' caucus, as headed by Homer Martin and his political advisers, the Lovestoneites, have done everything in their power to carry on war within the union—and not only against the Communists. As a matter of fact, the war that Homer Martin carries on behind the smoke-screen of fighting Communism *is in reality a war against the CIO.* It is a war that threatens the destruction of the union. This is proved by the applause of William Randolph Hearst, the Chicago *Tribune,* and Father Coughlin.

The Communists, as Comrade Weinstone and I outlined in the article "Factionalism, the Enemy of the Auto Workers," which appeared in the *Daily Worker,* clearly stated the position of the Communists: namely, we are against factions and groups within the union and for their abolition; for the unification of the union on the basis of the progressive program of the CIO, yes, including the twenty-point program which, if there was any violation, it was violated by the Martin administration. And as far as the Communists are concerned, we will continue to carry on our work to the best of our ability, of building, strengthening, and maintaining the UAWA as a mighty union, part of the great CIO. We have no other objectives. We never had.

The repudiation of Homer Martin in wreckless, irresponsible actions against five duly and unanimously elected vice presidents and secretary-treasurer by district councils of the UAWA of Detroit, Cleveland, Canada, and California, and such local unions as Flint Local 156, West Side Local 175, Dodge Local 3, and some fifty others that represent unquestionably an overwhelming majority of the membership is the best answer. Surely even Mr. High's imagination cannot stretch far enough to label all of these people as just simply Communists.

We are confident that the heroic auto workers who built their union in the face of the attacks of the General Motors will be able to preserve this union. It will do more than that: it will organize the Ford Motor Co.; and the banner of the UAWA will fly over the last citadel of the open shop in the auto industry. In these efforts of the constructive forces of the membership of the UAWA and its leadership, the Communists will loyally give their assistance to the best of their ability and without any objectives of "capturing" the UAWA. Strange as it might seem to Mr. High, the Communists have no other objective than that of the working class—in this case, specifically, the 400,000 auto workers.

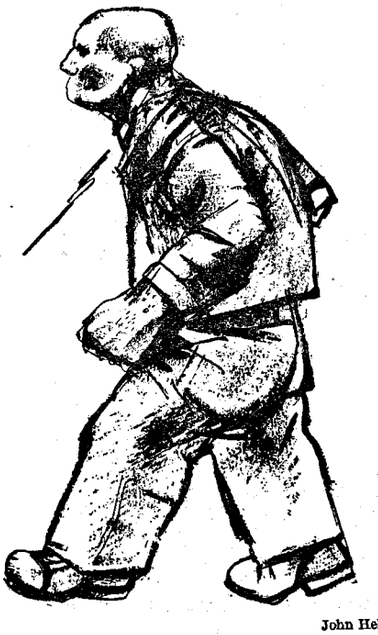
B. K. GEBERT.

Detroit, Mich.

Library Organization

TO NEW MASSES: The sixtieth annual convention of the American Library Association in Kansas City, Mo., June 13-19, had one unique feature: in the exhibition hall usually devoted to displays of library fittings, books, etc., the State, County, and Municipal Workers of America had a booth. For the first time there was obtruded into the cloistered atmosphere of librarydom the contemporary (and to some ears, discordant) note of unionization of library workers. During the week the booth had *many visitors, for librarians have intellectual curiosity* if no sense of their identification with all workers. There were on hand at the booth throughout the week well-trained persons to answer questions and a wide variety of informative literature was freely distributed.

At the meeting of the Staff Organizations Round Table Wednesday evening, the all-important question of the *form* of organization was discussed. Representatives from the CIO locals in the public libraries of Chicago and Cleveland and the AF of L local in the Milwaukee Public Library described the formation of their unions and what they had accomplished, while members of the Staff Associations of the New York Public Library and the University of Washington described their organizations and achievements. To a disinterested spectator, it seemed apparent that the most effective form of organization was that affiliated with, and supported by, the broad ranks of organized labor.



John Heliker

But there were few disinterested or unprejudiced persons present that night. The cleavage in the assembly was wide and deep. It was only too evident that the majority of librarians are not yet ready to discuss unionization on its merits and without emotional coloration. Their social thinking has not yet been touched by the material on contemporary events which they handle daily. At the moment they show less awareness of their positions as workers in the social fabric than do teachers. But a breach has been made in the cloister wall which has been built up about the profession of distributing books to the public.

OSMOND PARKER.

New York City.

Anschluss Anecdotes

TO NEW MASSES: A friend of a friend of mine *visited me last night. He arrived* in New York from Vienna one week ago. Dr. —— is a sinologist, he has been professor of Chinese literature in the University of Vienna for the past sixteen years. By giving over to the Nazis nearly every cent he owned, he managed to get himself and his family out of the country.

He told me many stories of Vienna since Hitler. Stories of terror, desperation, humiliation, and hope. Three stories stand out from the evening's conversation.

During the first days of the terror, the Nazis selected their victims by profession. One day doctors, one day lawyers, one day teachers. Dr. —— was chosen on the teachers' day and assigned to clean latrines in an SA troops barracks.

One day while he was working, two SA officers came up to him and one of them started to heckle him.

"Tell me, Herr Doktor," he said mockingly, "what do you think about now, when for the first time in *your life you work in your proper element?*"

Dr. —— stood at attention and answered quietly, "Herr Leutnant, I do this work because I am forced to do it. However, I am not obliged to tell you my feelings while I am doing it."

The SA man slapped him across the mouth crying, "Pig of a Jew! Still insolent!" and passed on with his fellow officer.

A little while later the SA man who had not spoken returned. He touched Dr. —— on the shoulder and said softly, "Courage, comrade, courage! Rot Front!"

Dr. —— said that a woman friend told him this story.

She returned to her apartment and found two SA men just finishing a search. She stood in the doorway holding her handbag under her arm, hoping the SA men would not notice it. But one of them took the handbag and went through it.

He saw the package of anti-Nazi tissue-paper leaflets but did not take them out. He returned the handbag to her and whispered, "You should be more careful, comrade."

The third story is really Dr. —— son's story. The boy Karl, nine years old the day he arrived in New York, had a day of sightseeing while his father was busy. The next day Karl said, "Now, Papa, I will show you America."

They got into a subway to go down to the Battery. There was a man lying in the train stretched out over four or five seats.

"There—that's America!" said Karl, pointing to the sleeping man. "I saw such a man yesterday too. He was lying on the seats and nobody bothered him at all, and no policeman came and hit him. And when he got ready, he stood up all by himself and went away. Nobody made him. That's America, Papa!"

CORA MACALBERT.

New York City.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Strong Hands of Robert Forsythe

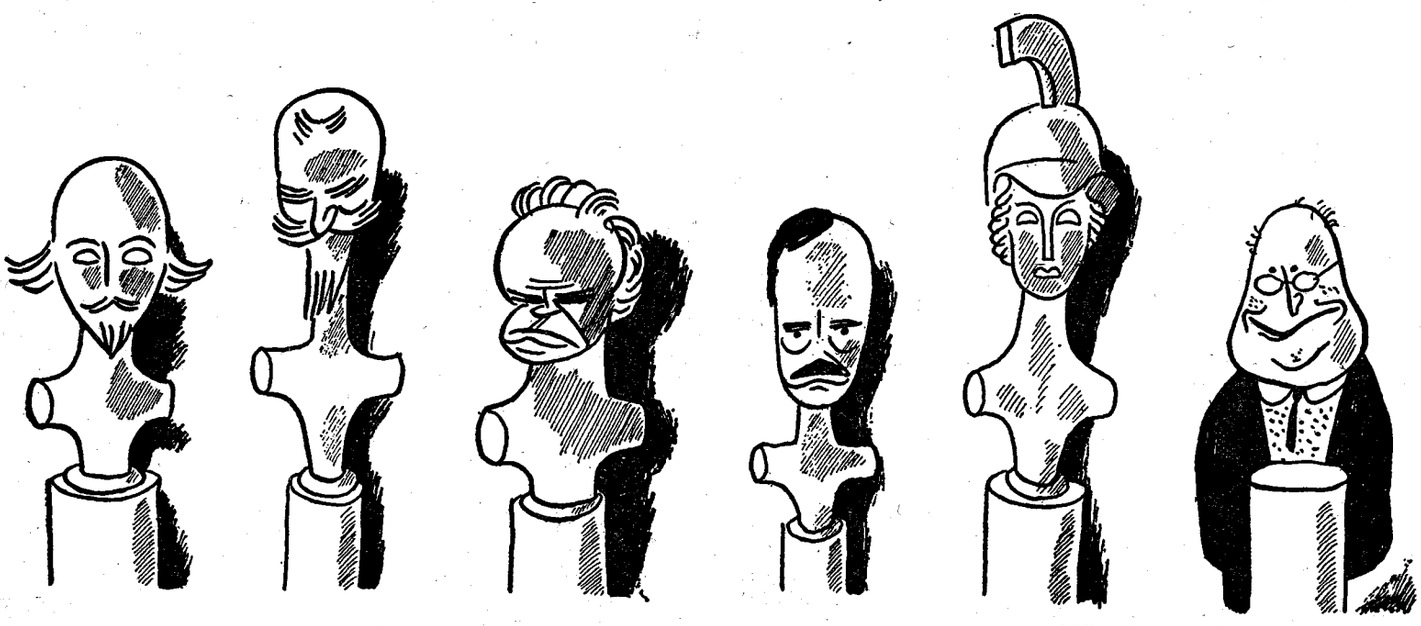
THE problem of reviewing a new book by Robert Forsythe, with inspired illustrations by William Gropper (*Reading from Left to Right*. Covici-Friede. $2), for the benefit of the readers of NEW MASSES is no problem at all. Most of the pieces which go to make up the book have already appeared in the magazine and have brought laughter and cheers to the entire circulation. No sooner do I bend over the microphone and start "And now I wish to introduce our favorite . . ." than the whole hall stands up on its chairs and lets out a loud, enthusiastic yell. The band blares forth the *Internationale*; the delegation from Maine grabs the nearest American flag and starts a parade; the Negro from California and the automobile worker from Detroit lift Forsythe up on their shoulders, and the crowd goes wild. "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation . . ." The movement has a humorist—a combination of Robert Benchley, Joe Louis, and Bernard Shaw. "A better world's in birth."

So much for the reception of this new book by the left. What about the right—and center? There seems to be a general feeling among the denizens of the more comfortable armchairs that humor is one of God's greatest and most indispensable gifts to man and that the purpose of this Great Gift is somewhat in the nature of a mild anesthetic to be inhaled whenever the going becomes a bit tough. Under the terms of that pleasant theory the humorist is he who makes you agreeably conscious of the fact that trouble is only a bubble and that we are all of us brothers under our (or somebody else's) skin—occasionally ridiculous, often laughable, but on the whole, pretty good fellows. We have the approval for this theory of no less an authority than Max Eastman, who, in his *Enjoyment of Laughter,* demonstrates more or less conclusively that humor is nothing but child's play and that the best advice to the would-be humorist is "be unimpassioned." Mr. Eastman, being more or less of a scientist, has verified his theory by consulting with all whom he considers to be America's leading humorists. For some reason or other I do not find the name of Robert Forsythe on Mr. Eastman's list.

That omission, however, is understandable when one considers that the promulgation of this theory about humor entitles Mr. Eastman (even more than some of his other more or less scientific theories) to the J. Pierpont Morgan Kiss on Both Cheeks. There must be nothing more pleasing to the Possessor of Worldly Goods than the knowledge that the humorists of this country are hard at work convincing everyone ("unimpassionately," of course) that Life Is a Joke and that the way to overcome their trifling difficulties about food and shelter is to Laugh at Themselves. It may dismay some of our better known humorists to be told that they are working for the rich—but it should not surprise them—any more than it should surprise clergymen and college professors who find themselves enlisted under the banner of the "haves." Humor is a commodity—just like religion or education—and when the "haves" see any commodity that they can use in their fight against the "have-nots" they are not long in taking it over. Will Rogers, for instance, was a humorist—in the homely, simple American tradition. A man of the people. Nobody's slave. But Will Rogers came to agree with the jolly-good-fellow school of humor, and he died with a prayer of gratitude on his lips that he had "never hurt anybody's feelings." His gratitude must have been very much appreciated by many of the big shots—but I doubt if it was echoed by the one-third of a nation from whom he came and in whose behalf he should have used his great gifts even at the risk of "hurting somebody's feelings."

In the Los Angeles *Examiner* of recent date I read of the return to this country of a Mr. Laszlo Schwartz from a five-year trip for the purpose of studying the humor of the world. Mr. Laszlo's conclusion is that "the greatest natural humorists are the *oppressed* races of Jews, Negroes, and Chinese." How fortunate for them—and for their oppressors. Under those conditions, how nice that many American humorists are heeding Mr. Eastman's advice to be "unimpassioned." And how embarrassing that a man like Robert Forsythe should make his appearance at the banquet of such jolly good oppressed fellows. Forsythe is loud; he yells; he says unpleasant things; he doesn't give a damn whether he hurts someone's feelings or not. Throw him out! Or, rather, let's just pretend we don't notice him.

But, fortunately, Forsythe can't be disposed of quite that easily. He's too good a humorist, in the first place. He belongs at any banquet



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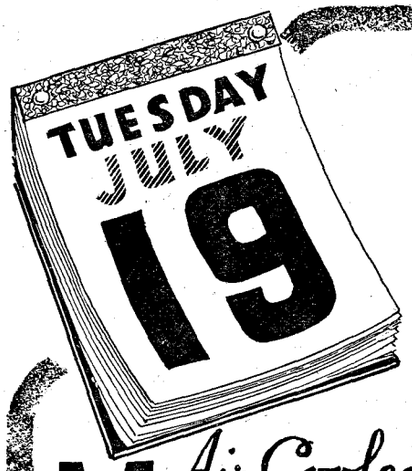

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of the fun-loving boys and in any collection of The Best. And in one very important respect he stands head and shoulders above any of his fellow-craftsmen. For even if humor is, as has been suggested, a refined form of laughing gas, with its main function the temporary alleviation of some of the pains of life, the fact remains that to the patient it makes a great deal of difference *who* administers the gas—and for what reason. It is not exactly a triumphant visit to a dentist's office if, during the blissful, laugh-filled moments of anesthesia, the dentist does nothing about curing the fundamental cause of the pain. And it is even less successful if he takes advantage of your jolly, happy, carefree state to steal not only the gold from your former fillings but also your watch and pocketbook. If it is true, as I believe, that a great many too many American humorists are working unwittingly as anesthetists for incompetent, crooked dentists, it is my hope that they will some day, in the very near future, realize that it makes a lot of difference who laughs at their jokes. The preeminence of Robert Forsythe is due to the fact that he has realized this from the beginning. And he has realized, above everything else, that the hands of a humorist were given him to goose with—not to stroke. The hands of Robert Forsythe, thank God, are very strong.

DONALD OGDEN STEWART.

Unemployed Americans

WE TOO ARE THE PEOPLE, *by Louise V. Armstrong. Little, Brown, & Co., $3.*

THIS is an exciting as well as an important book, and, if I were reviewing it almost anywhere but in NEW MASSES, I should do my level best to be persuasive. It is not, however, a book that you NEW MASSES readers need, though you would find it vivid and stimulating. It is a book for those well-bred classmates of mine, ornaments of Wall and State Streets and the best society resorts, who made their frolicsome and slightly cockeyed way through Cambridge last Class Day, jeering at boondogglers and shovel-leaners. It is a book for Mrs. Margaret Weymouth Jackson and the people who have been taken in by her absurd little tales in *The Saturday Evening Post*. It is a book for editors, cartoonists, and columnists who have libeled the unemployed. It is a book for all the smug men and women who wouldn't be caught dead with a copy of NEW MASSES.

But it is not a book for you. You don't need to be told about the FERA, the CWA, the CCC, the NYA, and the WPA. You are aware that government relief has contributed mightily to the nation's resources as well as to the welfare of the people. It has never occurred to you to doubt that people on relief are human. You would like *We Too Are the People*, but you don't have to read it.

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If you should read it, I hope you will devote a little thought to the character of the author. Mrs. Armstrong, a college graduate with some experience in social work, was the wife of a commercial artist in Chicago. In the twenties they bought a house in one of the old lumber counties of Michigan and spent their summers there. Here they took refuge when the crash came. They were scared. Banks crashed, people committed suicide, farmers massed to prevent mortgage sales, men talked about revolution. Their county in Michigan had been going downhill long before 1929, and by 1932 conditions were desperate. In the winter of 1932-33, though she had never paid much attention to politics, Mrs. Armstrong began to pin her hopes on Roosevelt, for she believed him when he said he would take care of the unemployed.

As it happened, she had a chance to help carry out the campaign promises. She was appointed relief administrator for the tough county in which she and her husband had taken up their residence, and she held the job for nearly three years. Obviously she made a good administrator, and because she was intelligent and sympathetic as well as efficient, she has turned her experiences into a good book. She tells how the relief administration was set up, how the staff was chosen, how applicants were examined, what amounts were given. She describes the works programs, the distribution of surplus products, the accomplishments of the CCC, the whole complicated task of relief and rehabilitation. Though she is not a particularly skillful writer, she makes a magnificent story of it, because she is so passionately interested in people. Indians, wild women, hill-billies—hundreds of the men and women who went in and out of her office walk across these pages. Hers is the kind of book that makes one realize what our novelists are missing.

Mrs. Armstrong learned a lot, but there were some things she didn't learn. She was so glad that people weren't starving that she was seldom conscious of the bitter inadequacy of the relief she was administering. She says that, if a family of five had been getting only $12 a month, $36 looked very good. That is true, but it is also true that $36 isn't enough. She liked the docile people, and, when one realizes her problems, one can't blame her. But, when she had escaped from office routine and was reflectively writing her book, she might have questioned the virtue of docility. She tells, for example, about a strike — a foolish strike, no doubt, as she says, led by troublemakers—but a sign that she might nonetheless have welcomed. After all, she was very glad when the unemployed brought pressure on the local politicians, and that might have taught her how militant organization could help her to do her job.

The local politicians gave her a great deal of trouble, and one can sympathize with her indignation, for the earth has not produced a more miserable breed than the petty bosses of the back country. But these town and county officials were not the real menace to her be-

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loved relief program, and she ought to have known it. They could only interfere with her work on a small scale, but the whole relief administration was threatened by men whose motives were as low as those of the greediest town supervisor and whose powers were infinitely greater. And these men, as she ought have understood, were the beneficiaries of the economic system that was responsible for unemployment.

It may be a good thing that the book does not raise these larger issues, for it may be all the more effective in putting over its simple message in simple human terms that even a typical Harvard graduate can get. But I wish I could feel that Mrs. Armstrong realizes what the issues are. I wish she could understand that the capitalist system broke down in 1929 and society had to take over tasks that private enterprise could not or would not perform. I wish she realized that the kind of success she had in Michigan proves the possibilities of a broad social program of human conservation. And I wish she saw clearly that we must either go ahead with such a program or go back into the barbarism that Germany and Italy have already embraced. In the struggle between progress and reaction her sympathies are all on the right side, but she is not so well equipped as she ought to be for the fight.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Coronation of the People

THE CROWNING OF A KING, *by Arnold Zweig. Viking Press. $2.50.*

THE value of historical fiction depends, as Samuel Sillen has well stated (NEW MASSES, June 14), not on the subject but on the manner in which it is handled. However, the reading of Zweig's latest volume, representative of a stream of contemporary historical novels and dramas, suggests to me that it is time to wave the danger signal from the other side. It is true enough that such works popularize the appreciation of periods for those frightened by the technical idiom of professional treatises. But too many of them become moored in factual particularity, fail to point beyond their immediate situation, and hence cannot mold characters, can, at best, describe historic types. Others fall into an opposite barrenness by suggesting the recurrent element in the historical curve. In the first, we get history, not art; in the second, there results circular, frozen myth.

Arnold Zweig's planned trilogy, which began with *The Case of Sergeant Grischa,* has now become a tetralogy with other volumes still to follow. The work as a whole deals with people bureaucratized and uprooted by the war and its revolutionary repercussions. Most of the characters are shown as bound. They are moved about by events which they follow as in a daze. In each succeeding novel, dumb occurrences take on more terrifying dominance, pressing the human actors into more

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shadowy backgrounds. In the present novel, this direction reaches the most extreme point. *The Crowning of a King* is more congested history than character transformation. Here, the trifles and bagatelles of the war and its machinery are the heroes.

The central theme was sounded in the first published volume: the struggle of the spirit against the sluggishness of mechanical action. Although innocent, Grischa is shot in the interests of the military machine. In *Education Before Verdun,* Kroysing is disciplined for similar reasons. Grischa found stout champions in old General Lychow and in his upright nephew Winfried. This story, published in 1928, had an air of spring-like optimism, and it closed with the threatening rumble of the Russian Revolution. *Education Before Verdun,* written after fascism had come to power, was less of a story, had less concentration on character. And, while Kroysing found an interested sympathizer in Bertin, there was an obvious slackening of moral resentment against the tactics of the bureaucratic steamroller.

In *The Crowning of a King,* executed while fascism has been advancing, the militant idea is reduced to pale, haphazard reacting. The left-wing voices of before are not heard. The sole human challenge consists in Winfried's strongly felt objection to forced labor camps in Germany's occupied territory in the East, and in a verbal defiance of his superior officer. Zweig's latest hero is a melancholic representative of humanistic values in an insensitive time.

The setting is the Eastern Front of the German General Staff in the final months of the war. Poland and Lithuania have been occupied. The central concern of the generals is the problem as to which German prince is to be made king over Lithuania. The quarrel is between those who want a Protestant Prussian and those who champion a more democratic and Catholic Saxon. This is the issue absorbing the military after four years of fighting for *Kultur.* Zweig thus reflects the moral disintegration of the war machine. Only one of the generals still has a grand project. General Clauss is determined to offset the error made by Mutius and Schieffenzahn (Ludendorff) when they allowed Lenin to go through Germany, thereby making the October Revolution possible. Clauss plans an independent campaign to occupy Moscow. These men represent in varying degrees, the uniform, the symbol of automatic ruthlessness.

However, in long human terms, the uniform is an "ephemeral phenomenon." Counterposed are the civilians, the high-minded Bertins, Winfrieds, and the Baerbes who spend themselves as nurses. Between these two groups are the Lychows, remnants of the idealistic German soldier having a kind of Kantian sense of justice. But Lychow is suspect, having once interceded for Grischa, and is here killed. And for his inquisitiveness in the matter of the labor camps, Winfried is imprisoned. This hastens the death of his beloved Baerbe, who is bearing his child. Her death concretizes the underlying theme of the fruitlessness and frustration of the civilians. On another plane, Baerbe's death marks Winfried's own rebirth. In a final meeting with Clauss, Winfried throws down the gantlet before the ideal of the uniform.

Excepting the last part, the book is weighted with factual data. None of the characters, aside from Winfried and Clauss, is developed. I think one reason lies in the fact that Zweig cannot become enthusiastic over history, or over people who drift with its currents. Nor, I fear, does he evince fervor even for the Bertins and Winfrieds. To be sure, Bertin had not been "educated" by the war spirit before Verdun; but neither had he learned steely patience and the courage to face realities. The novel closed with Bertin's indecision to tell Kroysing's parents of their boy's death. Winfried is a paler Bertin. He, too, cannot get himself to write Baerbe's parents of her end. He appears as a somewhat enervated product of the mechanistic temper about him. The net result of his challenge to Clauss is his plan to see Bertin. We are told his future "would be concerned with books." Is this a foreshadowing of the careful, scholarly way of the Social Democracy? Is it an implicit criticism of the moral replies offered today in many quarters to fascism, and to its renewed attempt to make good the error of the German generals by invading the Soviet Union? It is significant that the book closes with an account—not of Winfried or Bertin—but of General Clauss, an officer of a strong, independent mind. We can see that Zweig will need more volumes (and possibly a changed historical context) before he can "conclude" the education of his heroes.

Still, there is a future. Zweig is slowly "preparing" his humanists. "I'll stay with the people," Winfried tells his uniformed superior, as he leaves him, to return with a truck-driver.

This brings me to the title of the novel and to the generally offered interpretation that it refers simply to the quarrel over the Lithuanian throne. This reference is obvious. However, I wish to point out that this question recedes in the latter part of the novel. As

Winifred Milius

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this thread is dropped, the story takes up another, the rising murmur and criticism of the uniform, echoes of the Revolution in the East. *While the German generals squabble over the question of a Lithuanian king, another king is being crowned, a king without a uniform, the people, who have emerged victoriously toward self-rule in the Soviet Union.* In this sense, Zweig's orphan generation is acquiring a father. Likewise, it is presented with the task of caring for the uniquely historical offspring.

HARRY SLOCHOWER.

Southern Agrarian

TOM WATSON, AGRARIAN REBEL, *by C. Vann Woodward. The Macmillan Co. $3.75.*

OUT of the teeming post-Reconstruction days and the peculiarly ill-defined movements of early populism, Mr. Woodward has drawn a significant but neglected figure and constructed around him a story that deserves to be rated not only as competent biography but also as successful historiography. The Western roots of agrarianism have been pretty thoroughly examined, but the Southern roots —perhaps because of the obscurantist tactics of those who today call themselves Southern agrarians—are still largely unexposed. This book lays bare a great many of them, but while it traces down to its very beginnings that part of the movement which gathered about Tom Watson, it somehow fails to clarify the inner contradictions and the outer conditions which warped the later growth.

Watson came of a farming family which had fallen on evil days. He did not allow adversity to plague the house of Watson for very long; with one hand, so to speak, he built up one of the largest planting fortunes in the South. But with the other he stirred into action all the little farmers who were being left out of the Great Barbecue of Southern industrialization, and with whom his early days of struggle had given him an instinctive and genuine sympathy.

Early in his career he began to show his fatal faults. The movement he built depended to an unhealthy extent upon his own personality; he himself lacked any real faith in the political sagacity of the men he was leading. Mr. Woodward gets in all the details, but he hasn't the knack of showing how small things foreshadow greater things to come; the reader who is unfamiliar with Watson's development has to discover these things for himself as he goes along.

Other basic faults of the movement, as led by Watson, were its failure to cement an early and solid alliance with the industrial proletariat; its persistent blindness about severing itself completely from the two traditional parties; and its lumping of all farmers together, regardless of the economic class to which they belonged. If Watson was able to see the shallowness of the silver issue and thus conserve much of the energy that would have been dissipated if Bryan had led the Southern movement, he was dogged just as fatefully by the nemesis of political superficiality.

Bryan's ultimate degeneration occupied a relatively short space of time; he sputtered himself out in Tennessee without doing very much real damage. But when Tom Watson suddenly found himself at the end of his political rope he settled down to twenty-five years of the most extensive, deliberate, and unscrupulous demagogy that America has ever known. His example of how to divert mass energy from essential aims, his example of Jew-baiting, Negro-baiting, and Catholic-baiting, may possibly discourage our rising fascists, for they will have to go some to surpass it.

Mr. Woodward is a bit apologetic about having favored the early, progressive part of Watson's career over the later, reactionary part; he feels that perhaps his biography as a whole may not convey a sufficiently bad impression of his subject. If this is true, it is only because of Mr. Woodward's careful analysis of each step in the growth of populism. There can be no doubt whatever that Watson played an important and valuable role in these early campaigns of the rural proletariat. On the whole, the biographer approaches Watson in a scientific spirit.

The reader may have noticed that I left out Red-baiting in the above list of persecutions. It is true that Watson was one of the earliest advocates of Soviet recognition (just as it is true that he was an early fighter for labor-hours legislation and the curbing of industrial spies and thugs). Nevertheless, he laid down in his later publications, at the height of his demagogy, the principle that Socialism and Communism are merely extensions of capitalism, and that good men will have nothing to do with any of them. This is the gleaming banner now held aloft by our present infinitesimal school of Southern agrarians.

RICHARD GREENLEAF.

Formula Novel

MAY FLAVIN, *by Myron Brinig. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.*

FOR the past few years Myron Brinig has been included in the fairly large category of "promising" young American writers. Although Herschel Brickell, of the New York *Post,* has seen his way clear to comparing Brinig with Proust and Brinig's seventh novel, *The Sisters,* with *Remembrance of Things Past,* the praise, on the whole, has not gone beyond the word "promising." It puts Brinig in a class containing perhaps ten or fifteen others and protects the critic in the event the young author produces something really fine.

And now Brinig has published *May Flavin,* his eighth novel, a novel greatly inferior to its predecessors but an immediate success from the point of view of circulation. Early in the

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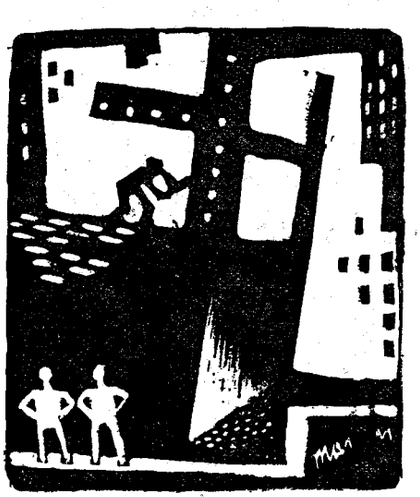
nineties, May Hogan, daughter of a Chicago cop, marries Mike Flavin, an impetuous, lovable, and, for the sake of Brinig's plot, generally ineffectual young worker. To escape old associations, they move to New York and set up a newsstand on the Bowery. May tends the stand and the six children that follow, while Mike pretends he's helping her. But a prostitute wins Mike and involves him in a brawl—through no fault of her own, for she, like everyone else in the novel, has a heart of gold—and Mike runs away, thinking he has killed a man. For a dreary several hundred pages we follow May as a newspaper vendor and charwoman and the children as they become gangster, nun, school teacher, and Hollywood stars. By 1930 May's successful children are in a position to give her a Riverside Drive apartment and a Hollywood mansion, and May takes them graciously, never, of course, forgetting her working-class friends; she visits the charwomen in the office building where she worked, and she relieves her ennui —the ennui of comfort—by picking up odds and ends at auctions with her old friend, Sadie Rabinowitz, prosperous wife of a former Bowery tailor. In the end she finds her husband destitute in a Hollywood rooming house, spending his time peering in at exclusive gatherings to watch, unnoticed, his famous children.

By now the reader, if he is even slightly familiar with formula fiction or B movies, will recognize the plot. It happens often in *The Ladies Home Journal* but seldom in life. It is the picture of the industrious, optimistic, sentimentally colorful, preciously humorous, long-suffering worker—to the reactionary a thing of beauty and a joy forever. In the movies or between the covers of a commercial magazine one cannot be unduly moved by this sort of dishonesty, for the quantity is overwhelming and removable only by a good house-cleaning. But it is peculiarly regrettable when a competent writer falls into this pattern and surrounds its triteness with some fine writing and acute observation, as Brinig has done. And one is moved to protest when the attempt is made, and abetted by the critics, to bring it into the body of serious contemporary fiction.

RICHARD H. ROVERE.



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How NOT to get Subscribers

We're indebted to Manngreen's *Left on Broadway* column in the *Daily Worker* for the story of the traveling salesman (liberal) and the U. S. Army colonel who got into discussion on a train recently. The salesman, mindful of the reactionary training of army colonels, approached the subjects of politics and economics gingerly and cautiously suggested that the colonel look into liberal magazines like the N—— R———. As their paths parted, the colonel thanked his friend for his information and added, "Of course you may be right about the N—— R———, but personally I prefer to get my authentic news from the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker*."

You remember Earl Browder's suggestion that the famous Red Scare is often more a case of "scared Reds."

You remember, too, I wot, how many WYFIPs have reported that the best way to sell *New Masses* to your friends is to come right out and sell it.

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MOVIES

WHILE I was roosting on one leg like a crane at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse's International Film Festival, the public prints were trumpeting the American debut of Gracie Fields, England's Lancashire Lass, in a movie called *We're Going to be Rich*. Matronly Miss Fields had the critical company doing pattycakes. The New York *Daily News* saw stars (4), and Frank Nugent of the New York *Times* dropped two unfinished puns on the floor while he applauded.

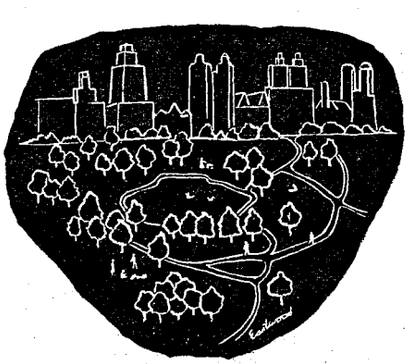
It must have been the brilliant comedies of René Clair I saw at the festival that kept me from joining the salvo, for I thought her first American appearance did not touch the performance of, for instance, Will Fyffe, Britain's other music hall idol, in *To the Victor*. Gracie is a lively folk character—a sort of angular Mae West—who sings her ditties in a very female voice. One of these tone poems is worth the price of admission at the Globe (25c). It goes:

Walter, WALTER!
Lead me to the altar,
And I'll show you where I'm tattooed!

The rest of the business does not match this lofty musical plea. Miss Fields has been given a broken heart by big, bad Victor McLaglen. This interferes with her waggish talents, and gives Herr McLaglen his opening to purloin the picture. A stripling named Ted Smith, as the ward of the peculiar pair, is not at all annoying. In *We're Going to be Rich* Brian Donlevy, prominent movie tavern keeper, operates his prop grogshop in South Africa. It is for the Anti-Saloon League, rather than this reporter, to appraise his film career.

This latest Twentieth-Century-Fox offering is stout (or perhaps, 'arf and 'arf) entertainment, but the brew is not rich enough for Miss Fields.

Now then, this International Film Festival is an apt idea. We need a film repertory theater and the two months' program of prize sound pictures from sixteen countries which are being screened at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse during July and August will do handsomely until some enterprising house makes the thing permanent. In a bill which includes movies from Ireland, Sweden, Palestine, pre-Hitler Germany, England, Switzerland, Spain, the U. S., Czechoslovakia, Mexico, Denmark, Austria (before *Anschluss*), the USSR, Poland, and Hungary the management has put its best footage forward with the great films of France.



Eastwood

La Maternelle, La Kermesse Heroique, Crime et Chatîment, Poil de Carotte, and three of René Clair's marvelous pictures, *Sous Les Toits de Paris, Le Million,* and *A Nous La Liberté,* made up the French portfolio. Whether it be Clair's witty farces, the unrelieved drama of *Crime et Chatîment,* or the moving child films that are almost exclusively the province of France, these pictures hit you where you live. The Soviet film has more size and the American film better merchandising, but the French have a psychological impact, an ability to communicate with person-to-person eloquence, that brings their best film close to impeccability.

At the very birthdate of sound, when the American ear was being bent by Al Jolson's first historic gutturals of mother love, René Clair was at work on *Sous Les Toits de Paris,* the film that introduced more provocative sound film ideas than the American industry has been able to achieve since. In the street fight in *Sous Les Toits,* you do not hear the scuffling and grunting of desperate struggle. You hear a locomotive's melancholy whistle coming along the tracks in the foreground. The engine chuffs away and murky films of smoke drift across the scene. Clair realized that sound was good for more than dialogue alone; in fact, he contrives as much as possible to get his characters behind the window panes of cafes so they may speak in all the eloquence of pantomime, an art which had been quickly forgotten when the sound track was attached. To him the sound track was not a new medium, but an addition to the camera, that had to be put in its proper place in the general effect.

This ignores the wit of René Clair, who makes his pictures race along like light verse. When he kids the pants off grand opera in *Le Million,* it is movie satire the like of which is too rarely seen. This does not do justice to his handling of actors like the charm he invests in Annabella, whose American career will be remembered for that soggy pancake, *The Baroness and the Butler.*

You'll regret having missed France, but the following recommendations for the rest of the summer should be noted: July 15, 16—*The Golem,* 17, 18—*Janosik,* Czechoslovakia; 19, 20—*The Private Life of Henry VIII,* 25, 26—*The Ghost Goes West* (Directed by René Clair), 27, 28—*Man of Aran,* England; August 1—*The Wave,* Mexico; 2—*Spanish Earth;* 3—*Young Forest,* Poland; 6, 7—*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* 14, 15—*Scarfare,* 16—*The Informer,* 17 — Walt Disney-Charlie Chaplin program, 18, 19—*They Won't Forget,* America; 25—*Road to Life,* 26, 27—

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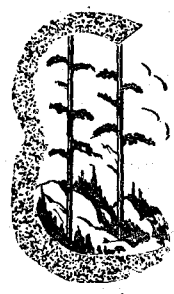
The film is a major production which took three years in the making in the same studio responsible for *Peter I.* The details of casting, acting, settings, and costume are up to the fine standard of the Soviet historical picture. Yet the picture is not a success. The director has been unable to quicken his accurately rendered historical material with the human interest achieved by *Peter I* and *Lenin in October.* The ingredients seem to be here—Pugachev's wife, who denies his existence so that people will believe he is actually the Czar; a faithful aide who ferrets out the treason of the Czar's court; a richness of atmosphere and stirring battle scenes.

If you are eager to get back from camp or the shore for a good rest and some light entertainment, you'll do well to look into *Having Wonderful Time.* I didn't see the saga of Kamp Karefree on the stage, so I can't make invidious comparisons between Arthur Kober's original in the Bronx patois, and his picture treatment which is shorn of this dialectical charm.

Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. are the vacationing typist and the camp waiter, respectively, who cram six months' experience into two weeks at Kamp. I found it a delightful picture and I think you will too.

JAMES DUGAN.

Beatrice Tobias



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IMAGINE if you can, Messrs. Hitler, Mussolini and Franco calling off hostilities in Spain for the summer!

"What's the use trying to carry on a war in this hot weather?" imagine Adolf suggesting. "Nobody wants to fight, and even less do Americans want to read about serious things on their vacations."

"I've noticed a slight lassitude in spite of our glorious bombing victories," Mussolini *might* reply. "Let's give the women and children a two-month breathing spell."

"Okay, boss," Franco would chime in, "call off your non-intervention and we'll preserve the status quo till we meet in Valencia in September."

OR IMAGINE fisherman Chamberlain weekending at Cliveden, where politics is *always* taboo.

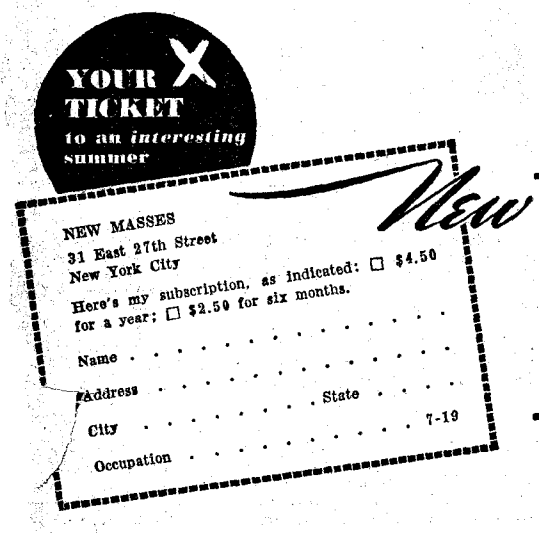
"So jolly to get away from that silly mess I've made," he *might* confide to Lady Astor. "I'm sure the boys won't start any deviltry until fall, when NEW MASSES readers get back from their vacations. I told them it wouldn't be cricket."

OR PICTURE a man by the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt calling in his secretaries tomorrow morning to announce:

"I've decided to call off this cross-country tour. Nobody wants to hear me talk politics when they could be down by the ol' swimming hole or home tippling lemonade on their own cool piazzas. Let's wait till September. Sure, I know it will be too late to win the elections, but we can't ask people to think until after Labor Day, y'know."

IF you can imagine any of these conversations taking place, you can imagine getting along without NEW MASSES for the summer.

But if you believe that this is one of the most crucial summers in history, and that you can't afford *not* to keep in touch with what goes on in Europe, in China, in the Soviet Union; that you ought to keep in touch with our own election issues and what to do about them; that NEW MASSES gives you a viewpoint on all these matters which you can't afford to ignore—



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